

THE
DISAPPOINTMENT,
OR, THE
FORCE OF CREDULITY.

A NEW COMIC-OPERA,
IN THREE ACTS.

BY ANDREW BARTON, *Esq.*

*Second Edition, revised and corrected, with large
additions by the Author.*

Enchanting gold! thou dost conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind;
In search of thee, the wretched worldling goes,
Nor danger fears, tho' fiends of night oppose.

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P R E F A C E.

TH E following loose piece (*The Disappointment*; or, the Force of Credulity,) was originally written for the amusement of myself and a few of my particular friends, who were pleased to signify their approbation of it in such a manner, as to engross a considerable part of the conversation of all ranks of people, who expressed their desire to see it and have it published.—Under these circumstances, I was greatly at a loss how to proceed, (as I could discover little merit in it and never intended it for the press) I was loth to expose it to the criticisms of critics in dramatic or scholastic knowledge, to ridicule my ignorance, or condescend to those, who I thought were no better judges than myself, and who might, perhaps, out of compliment, or flattery to me, or to gratify their own desires, have represented it in a more favourable light than it really deserves.—Conscious therefore of its insufficiency, I determined to excuse myself to all, and in this determination persisted for some time, till at length wearied out with fresh and repeated solicitations I was obliged to surrender on the following stipulations.

1. The infrequency of dramatic compositions in America.
 2. The necessity of contributing to the entertainment of the city.
 3. To put a stop (if possible) to the foolish and pernicious practice of searching after supposed hidden treasure.*
- These terms I have with reluctance been forced to submit to, I am therefore obliged to assure the public, that the story is founded on fact, transacted near this city not long since and recent in the memory of thousands, and for the truth of which I appeal to my fellow citizens.

* Many people to this day, are possessed with a foolish notion of the Pirates burying money along the river side, and are so infatuated with the hopes of obtaining it, that they neglect their business by day with the thoughts of it, by which means their families suffer, and at night, like so many mischievous muskrats, spoil the meadows and banks to the very great injury of their respective owners.

But in order to give strangers, and others unacquainted with the story, some idea of it, the following short history is thought necessary.

The scheme was planned by four humorous gentlemen, Hum, Parchment, Quadrant, and Rattletrap, to divert themselves, and friends and to try what lengths credulity and the love of money would carry men —

In order to put their scheme in execution they framed a plausible, well connected, story of hidden treasure, and to gloss the matter, adapted sundry papers to their purpose and pitched upon two suitable old fellows, Wallball and Raccoon (as principal dupes, with others, who had all been at times on several digging excursions) to try the success of their scheme, and put (if possible) a final stop to such ridiculous practices in future, which had the desired effect. The story shews the folly of an over credulity and desire of money, and how apt men are (especially old men) to be unwarily drawn into such schemes, where there is but a shadow of gain, and concludes with love and virtue well rewarded, and these observations, that mankind ought to be contented with their respective stations, to follow their different vocations with honesty and industry, the only sure and reputable way to gain riches.

I do not figure to myself the least advantage accruing from it but the satisfaction of contributing my mite to stop the current of such folly.—Such as it is, I submit to the public for their sanction or condemnation, and should any merit appear in the performance, I shall not vainly attribute it to myself, but place it to the credit of mere chance.

I am the public's most

obedient, humble, devoted

and faithful servant,

ANDREW BARTON.

PROLOGUE.

THO' distant far, from fam'd Britannia's isle,
Where comic scenes call cynics forth to smile,
Our artless muse, hath made her first essay,
To instruct and please you with a modern play.
Theatric business was, and still should be
To point out vice in its deformity;
Make virtue fair! shine eminently bright,
Rapture the breast and captivate the sight:
No matter which, the pulpit or the stage,
Condemn the vice and folly of the age;
These are our boast and on sure ground we stand
Plead virtue's cause, throughout this infant land.
We mount the stage and lend an helping hand.
Wits, fools, a knave and conjuror to night,
The objects make both of your ears and sight,
A band of dupes are humb'd with idle schemes,
Quit solid sense for airy golden dreams,
Who boldly venture on enchanted ground,
And dig in mystic mud, no treasure found,
Still fondly hope, to plunder that old thief
BLACKBEARD! who plunder'd thousands, pirate chief!
Till disappointed, tho' they labour'd hard
For shadows, stones, and anguish, their reward!
Our flattering muse thinks she's some merit gain'd
Pursuing truth and things like truth, well feign'd.
The subject suited to our present times,
No person's touch'd, altho' she lash their crimes;
Nor gall, nor venom tincture her design,
But gay good humour, breathe in ev'ry line,
If you condemn her,—she for censure stands;
But if applaud!—then thund'ring clap your hands!

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

<i>Hum,</i>	-	A Tavern-keeper.	} <i>Humourists.</i>
<i>Parchment,</i>	-	A Sctivenel.	
<i>Quadrant,</i>	-	A mathematical instrument maker.	
<i>Rattletrap,</i>	-	A supposed conjuror.	
<i>Raccoon,</i>	-	An old debauchee.	} <i>Duys.</i>
<i>Washball,</i>	-	An avaricious old barber.	
<i>Trusboop,</i>	-	A Cooper.	
<i>Buckram,</i>	-	A Taylor.	
<i>Trowell,</i>	-	A Plasterer.	
<i>Meanwell,</i>	-	A young gentleman in love with <i>Washball's</i> niece.	
<i>Topinlist,</i>	-	A Sailor.	
<i>Spitfire,</i>	-	An old Artillery-man, assistant to <i>Rattletrap</i> .	
<i>Old Gabriel,</i>	-	Servant to <i>Washball</i> .	
<i>Terrance,</i>	-	Servant to <i>Trusboop</i> .	
<i>Collector, Taylors, Watchman, Blackboard's ghost, &c. &c.</i>			

WOMEN.

<i>Mrs. Trowell,</i>	-	Wife to <i>Trowell</i> .
<i>Mrs. Trusboop,</i>	-	Wife to <i>Trusboop</i> .
<i>Miss Lucy,</i>	-	<i>Washball's</i> niece in love with <i>Meanwell</i> .
<i>Moll Placket,</i>	-	A woman of the town in keeping by <i>Raccoon</i> .
<i>Dolly,</i>	-	Servant to <i>M. Trusboop</i> .

THE
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ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Tavern; Sign of the Tun.

*Scene opens and discovers HOM, PARCHMENT, and QUADRANT,
seated at a table, with wine and glasses.*

(PARCHMENT pouring out a glass of wine, sings.)

SONG I.

COME now my boys, let's jovial be,
The cash we'll soon disclose;
And spurn at sneaking poverty,
Tho' Gorgons dire! oppose.
The joyful night draws on apace,
Each moment joy inspires!
Whilst steady hope in ev'ry face,
Add faith to our desires.

We soon can face the rich and great,
(Whose supercilious squint,
Like Basilisks oft made us quake.)

Or else the devil's in't!—
But stop ye sons of flash and mire,
Ye sons of projects rare!
M disappointed we retire,
Faith! then,—we're as we were.

*Sing tantara vara, fools all, fools all, fools all,
Sing tantara vara, fools all, fools all, Sing
tantara vara, fools all.*

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Quad. Well tim'd at the opening of the ball. He, he, he!

Hum. Come success to us. (*all drink success*) Well gentlemen how goes our scheme!—Have you made any new proselytes since our last meeting!

Hum. Why really, while credulity and the love of money prevail, I think it no merit to make proselytes of one half the town, but that, you know, is not our purpose, we only want to draw in four or five of the most credulous, some of whom have actually been engaged in vain, visionary, and fruitless schemes of money digging, to the great prejudice of their families and injury of their neighbours, and still entertain the most sanguine hopes of making their fortunes, at one flap, one of those odd nights by finding the lucky spot.—I baited the hook for old Soap-faddes, he gaped, *snaps*, and swallow'd it as voraciously as a cringing courtier would a pension,—As for Raceoon, I just threw out a few hints, he sagaciously discovered (*as he thought*) the foundation and soon raised an imaginary fabric.

Quad. Oh!—If he smells money, as great a coward as they say he is, he'd venture to the gates of hell for it. He, he, he!

Hum. I've hitherto kept him in suspense, he haunts me like a ghost, he thinks something but knows nothing.—He'll be here presently, and I have contriv'd matters so, that he shall make the discovery himself.

Quad. Very good,—so far we have failed propitiously, and I have not been idle, for I've drawn in Buckram, Trushoop, and Trowell, they are perpetually at my house—I can scarce do a stroke of work for one or other of them—I wish the matter speedily settled, for faith! they're so elevated, I'm afraid they'll run crazy. He, he, he! Trushoop talks of building a chappel at his own expence and of employing a score or two of priests to keep up a continual rotation of prayers for the repose of the souls of those poor fellows who buried the money, As for Buckram he intends to knock off business, go to London and purchase a title. He, he, he! they'll all be here in half an hour.

Parch. The devil!—Then I suppose they'll not be in a humour for work, till this affair is over—I'd some thoughts of a new suit of clothes, but I must drop them, till these chimeras are out of Buckram's brain.

Hum. That's the only reason, why I want the business dispatched; for, tho' I like the diversion, I wouldn't hurt their families—Ch! I'd like to have forgot—Washball in particular is so full of sanguinity, on account of the treasure, that it has quite renovated him, perfectly grateful and so generous as to dub me a bashaw! by making me a present of a magnificent new wig of three tails. Ha, ha, ha!

Parch. The devil he has? Pa. ha, ha!—you'd better had one of nine, then you would have been a Bashaw of nine tails at once. Pa. ha!

Hum. No, no, three will do pretty well for a beginning, I've not quite so much ambition yet; he told me that he was sure when we got the money, I should be chosen President of the United States, or, chief counsellor at law, at least, and if only the latter, three tails you know will be quite sufficient. Ha, ha!

Quad. True.—gratitude and generosity in the superlative! a rare example of faith and good works united.

Hum. Very rare indeed—tho' 'tis but temporary, we shall soon see Messrs. Faith and Good Works at variance.

Quad. Very soon! very soon! they are but short liv'd, he, he, he! but Mr. Parchment, have you prepar'd the papers?

Parch. Yes, yes, I have 'em in my pocket.

Quad. Do let's see 'em, for they are the foundation of our undertaking.

Parch. (*pulling them out*) here they are, placed in regular order and inclosed in a letter to Mr. Hum.

Hum. Aye, aye, let's see; (*reads*) the letter will do us a little, but what the devil's this ancient, worm-eaten piece?

Parch. That's the will, authenticated and ratified.

Quad. Ratified with the devil to it. He, he, ha! why they've know'd the one half-up!

Parch. So much the better, the greater the deception.

Hum. Ha, ha! Why it looks as old as if it had been preserved in the temple of Apollo, or the tower of Babel!

Quad. Equal! you might have said Noah's Ark at once. He, he, he! for it looks old enough,—and pray what's this other weather-beaten piece?

Parch. Why that's the draft of the place, together with the memorandum signed by the officers present, at the time the

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money, &c. &c. were deposited, I've hid them all these three weeks smocking up the chimney.

Dyad. Faith I thought so! for I took them for Hitches of Bacon. He, he, he! they have truly the appearance of genuineness, antiquity, or baconosity. *(Sings.)*

SONG II.

In all the town there's none like you
When you're on mischief bent fir;
With pen and ink, one well can write
What you do both invent fir.
It's you my boys, it's you can do it,
Parchment you're my darling,
Raccoon may curse and Wallball burn,
We value not their snarling.

Tot, de rot, &c.

Hum: Very good, very good;—well I must take them into my care, as they are directed to me, *(gathers up the papers)*—but I wonder what detains Jack Rattletrap?

Dyad. Oh! I'll be bound for his appearance—I just came from his house and left him poring over the canto of Hudibras and Sydrophele, in order to furnish himself with a set of hard supererotic, callepophisticating words, which added to his knowledge in the mathematics, will completely qualify him for a modern conjuror.—but, here he comes!—talk of the devil and his limbs appear,—as the saying is. He, he, he!

(Enter RATTLETRAP singing.)

SONG III.

Behold you my magical phiz
How solemn and sober I look;
Here, here my good friends, here is
My brass-bound magical book.
This book many wonders contain,
'Twould deceive the devil himself,
And puzzle a conjuror's brain,
Who has got no more sense than an elf.

IKto bas, &c.

Parch. Excellentissimo faith! Ha, ha! We began to look for you with impatience, are you almost prepared for your office?

Rat. Yes, dress and books are already provided, but for apparatus I must apply to Mr. Quadrant.

Quad. Yes, yes, I'll cut you a hazel-rod off our cherry-tree, a magnet, nocturnal, telescope, spy-glass, and forestaff, shall be all ready, also a curious piece of antiquity, of full as much virtue as Fortunatus's-cap. He, he, he! its nothing less than my great, great, great, grand-mother's quilled night-cap. He, he, he! and I can furnish you as Hudibras says, with a—

Moon dial and Napier's bones

With store of constellation stones.

He, he, he! But say, have you seen the papers?

Rat. Yes, yes, I saw them this morning at Mr. Parchment's office—but hark'ee,—we want a fifth person to act as a familiar spirit, or demi-devil.

Hum. Leave that to me,—I'm acquainted with an old artillery-man, who told me his father was a bombardier, that he himself was begot and born in the large mortar-piece at Gibraltar, and that when only three years of age, the commanding officer (lord-something) taking a fancy to him and determining to make him truly a soldier, order'd him to be ramm'd in, and fir'd out of the mortar-piece, and he was blown over into the Spanish lines, and that he received not the least hurt, only a little marked with gunpowder.—He's a snug, hickory faced, dry dog, the most finished fellow in the world for this sort of sport,—he was also in the Carthagena expedition and would make nothing of cracking with his teeth, (like hazel-nuts) and swallowing two or three bomb-shells every morning before breakfast [out of bravado only]—the devilishest fellow you ever saw,—but, poor fellow! he's lost most of his teeth by it.—I'll introduce him to you; with his assistance and a proper habit, you'll cut as droll a figure as old Merlin himself.

Quad. Well said, he, he, he! that's a hum with the devil to it: superlatively hyperbolical faith! no wonder he's lost some of his teeth, he, he, he! a truly eccentric genius.

Rat. Excellent ha, ha! Introduce him by all means, he's the very identical devil I want, I love such a superlative devil!—I'll soon make him a super-superlative devil, we may then

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defy the power of Lucifer, Belzebub and the whole host of devils united. Ha, ha, ha!—As to the loss of some of his teeth, it's a matter of no great consequence, as we shall only want him to chew a few fire-balls. Ha! ha! now and then.—But we must have a place provided for his reception under ground.—Mr. Quairant and myself will see that done—drop the conversation here comes old Raccoon.

(Enter RACCOON.)

Rac. Your ferbernt gentlemen, brudder Hum, and brudders all I'm berry glad to see you all well.

Parcb. Leave ceremonies brother Raccoon and take hold of the bottle. (drinks.)

Hum. Gentlemen, I must beg your patience a few minites, I'll be with you shortly. (Exit, Hum.)

[As he went out he purposely dropp'd the papers, Raccoon pick'd them up, stey'd aside, and look'd over them.]

Rac. (Aside) Hah! brudder Hum hab I found you secret? I thought dere was someting in de wind, dis is a lucky bout, dad I'll keep dese papers—dey shan't hab dem, widout dey gib me de share. (He crams them in his pocket and sits down.)

(Re-enter Hum, looking confused.)

Hum. Did you see any thing of a bundle of papers gentlemen?

Parcb. No, I saw none.

Quad. Nor I.—What papers are they?

Hum. Zounds!—If you've got them, don't keep me in suspense!

Rac. Upon my honor, I saw nothing of them.

Rac. What was dey about brudder Hum?

Hum. About, Zounds! they are papers of the utmost consequence, of inestimable value—pray put me out of my pain, if you have them—if they're lost, we're ruined—you're each of you as much interessed in the recovery of them as myself,—for God's sake! gentlemen look about. (All rise shake their clothes and search about.) Oh!—that I had kept them to myself when I had them safe! fool that I was (stamps about the stage and wrings his hands) what shall I do?

Parcb. There are no signs of them Mr. Hum.

Rat. Not the least.

Hum. Then we're ruined [*Clapping his hands, &c. &c.*] and our scheme is abortive—if they are not here the damn'd waiter must have pick'd my pocket, when he brought up the wine—damn the villain. [*Rings the bell.*]

Wait. (*Below*) Coming sir.

(*Enter WAITER, WASHBALL, TRUSHOOP, BUCKRAM, and TROWELL.*)

Hum. you scoundrel, where's the papers you took?

Wait. Sir, I didn't take any.

Hum. You lie you rascal!

Wait. I—I—

Washb. What's the matter! what's the matter Mr. Hum?

Hum. we're undone! the villain has stole my papers.—

Washb. What papers? deliver the papers you dog! (*Lifts up his cane.*)

Wait. Upon my honor and foul gentlemen, I saw no papers at all.

Truf. Damn your honor you thief—I hope its no defence, gentlemen.

Buck. Onor!—what, a waiter in a tav'yrn have onor!

Quat. His countenance condemns him.

Hum. you rascal, I'll send for a constable, you shall be hang'd you villain.

Wait. For God's sake! gentlemen, hear me! hear me!

Hum. (*Rings the bell*) Who waits below there!

Truf. O you thief of de world, when I fish for the devil, I hate my hook wid you.

Buck. Gin Ize gang to him, Ize—

Hum. A constable—a constable below there!

Wait. O Lord! O Lord! Oh! Oh! Oh!

Buck. Produce the pappers this eenstant, or by Saint Andra I'ze sacrafese ye! [*He seizes and shakes him*]

Wait. Have mercy on me—don't kill me!

Washb. Kill the dog!—kill him! kill him! [*Strikes him with his cane.*]

Wait. (*On his knees*) As I hope for mercy I'm innocent.

Buck. Ye've but ane moment to live, deliver! deliver ye dug ye, or I'ze cut your damm'd throt!

Trow. Hold your hand Mr. Buckram—let's search him.

Tyuf. Let me come to the stubberdegullion and I'll skin him like a Munster potatoe.

Rac. Come gentlemen, be merciful—don't kill de poor fellow, search him. [*They search him but find none.*]

Hum. They're not about him—Zounds! what shall we do? (*Aside*) violent measures won't avail, we must bribe him,—come my lad, heark'ee! be ingenuous with us, they're of no value to you, but of infinite consequence to us and if you'll produce them, we'll give you something handsome, and nothing more shall be said about them.

Wait. Sir, Sir!

Hum. Perhaps I've dropp'd them—do my lad step down and look about.

Wait. I will indeed Sir.

[*Exit Waiter.*]

Hum. O most unfortunate affair!—how strange are the vicissitudes of human life?—one moment raised to the highest pinnacle of human felicity, the next, sunk to the lowest pit of disappointment, and despair!—alas! alas! how cruel is my fate?—how—

Partb. Don't let us despair, Mr. Hum.—perhaps—

Hum. Undone! inevitably undone! ruined!—past redemption! my hopes are fled!

Rac. Come, come budder Hum, make yourself easy, I did pick up de papers at de door.

Hum. Gracious fortune!

Rac. Budder Hum dropp'd dem as he goed out.

Hum. How thankful ought—

Rac. I did see de contents of dem—here dey are—(*Gives the papers.*)

Hum. O blessed papers!—once more—

Rac. And I hope you will let me come in for de share.

Hum. Certainly.—I am almost overcome with joy!—it affects me more than the most poignant grief I ever yet experienced, yet, however, I may be rejoiced at the recovery of the papers, I must say brother Raccoon, your imprudence, caution, and jealousy in detaining them so long, when you saw the anxiety

of my soul, during the severe trial, was to say no worse, extremely cruel and unkind!—However I impute it not to a sinister or dishonest motive, but, rather to a thoughtless curiosity as to the consequences, being fully convinced of the generosity of your disposition and well knowing the best of men, do not at all times act wisely.

Wash. Ah! Mr. Raccoon; it was very foolish of you, god knows what I suffer'd too—O dear!—what a pestermment I was in—but I charitably hope you had no selfish views in it—indeed I do.

Rac. No upon my honour, I had not Mr. Washball, I only did it for fun or de want of thought.

Wash. Devilish fun!—children's play—worse than shooting, firebrands, arrows, and death, to throw me into such a flusteration, Oh! dear Oh!—

(TRUHOOP sings.)

SONG IV.

You seem in a flutter
And pray what's the matter
Now, now wid you all, now, now wid you all
And can't you be any
And not be so crazy

Dear Master Washball, dear Master Washball,

Now the papers are found,
And all safe and sound
And can't you be quiet, and can't you be quiet,
By my fowl! an I'm tir'd
And almost expir'd

To hear such a riot, to hear such a riot,

What would you have more
You son of fourscore?

Hoot leave off your bawling, hoot leave off, &c.
Sit down and be azy
And no longer taze me

Wid your caterwauling, wid your caterwauling,
If money you're wanting
Why leave off your quavering,

You scullion curmudgeon, you scullion curmudgeon,
 Sure the money's in store,
 What wou'd you have more,
 You flubberdegullion, you flubberdegullion.

Hum. Aye indeed we had all like to have been frustrated, come sit down gentlemen, we ought to be sincerely thankful, the papers are safe. *(All sit down.)*

Parch. *(To Washball)* What can those papers mean?

Wash. Oh dear! Oh dear! how my heart beats for joy!

Truf. So do mine, I thought it would tump my liver out.

Buck. Troth, an I had na been flapp'd, I shou'd ha cut the waiter's throat, Ize g'ad ye prevented me; let's ca him up and gie him samthing.

Trow. Aye do!—poor dog he was terribly frighten'd.

Hum. Really, no wonder! I was much enraged at him—poor fellow. *(Rings the bell.)*

(Re-enter WAITER.)

Wait. Did you call gentlemen?

Buck. We'll lad, we've found the pappers, and here's samthing to mak ye amends for the freight ye got *(Gives him money)* and I meend ye tell na ane, but keep it till yoursel lad.

Wait. I will Sir—Thankee kindly Sir—God bleis your honor, —Thank your honor. *[Bowing.]*

Wash. Aye, Aye, a close tongue makes a wise head—remember that young man. *[Gives money.]*

Wait. I will Sir—heaven bleis your honor, *(As he goes out bowing, the others throw money after him. he picks it up)* the lord prosper you gentlemen!—heaven preserve your honors—*[Bowing]* thank your kind honors. *[Aside]* Faith and it's na bad collection, I should like such another flourish very well. *[Exit Wait.]*

Parch. *(To Trufhoop)* I say Mr. Trufhoop, what are the contents of those papers?

Truf. The devil a hare do I know about it, at all, at all.

Hum. Well gentlemen, I look upon you all to be men of honor, I suppose most of you are not altogether strangers to the busin'ss in agitation, you've all in miniature been informed of it, except Mr. Parchment and Mr. Trowell who are present and shall soon be informed.

Parch. *(Starting up suddenly)* Gentlemen, I expected when

I was invited here, it was to take a cheerful glass with my friends, I had no idea of a secret to be divulg'd, not I—and I earnestly request, that, if it is any scheme, plot, association, combination, machination, contrivance, secret conclave, cabal, privy conspiracy, rout, riot, rebellious-meeting or unlawful assembly.—In fine, if it is any thing against the illustrious President of the United States, or of the Society of Cincinnati, whom God preserve!—the honorable the Vice President of the honorable Senate—the honorable the Senate collectively, or individually—The honorable the House of Representatives of the United States, that standing Bulwark of American freedom, in Congress assembled, or not assembled, or either of them,—The honorable the Secretary of State.—The honorable the Secretary of the treasury,—the honorable the Secretary at war—the honorable the chief justice of the United States—the honorable the associate judges, in their judicial capacity or, otherwise—the honorable the Attorney general of the United States.—The Right Reverend the bishops and clergy of the United States of all denominations, whether in church, or out of it—the constitution, laws, and government under which we live—to be believ—I say gentlemen, if it is any scheme, plot, association, combination, machination, contrivance, secret conclave, cabal, privy conspiracy, rout, riot, rebellious meeting, or unlawful assembly as aforesaid once more, keep it to yourselves, don't let me know a tittle of it—I wash my hands of it—for if I know it, I'll be a swift witness against you, as I profess myself a worthy Citizen a true republican a man of honor and a gentleman by birth and education—I'll immediately to the Attorney-General, bring an information against you and hang you every mother's son!

Wash. Dear, dear sir! don't think of such a thing.

Parch. Don't tell me sir. (*Raising his voice.*)

Wash. Sir! Sir!—you've known me these many, many long years, I've always lived peaceably and never was concerned in any of those disturbances you have mentioned as all my neighbours can testify—Lord! Lord! Mr. Parchment—

Parch. Mr. Washball, I've nothing to charge you with—but, Sir, my suspicions are—

Wash. Are what?—Lord! Sir, what?

Parch. Sir, it carries a mysterious countenance!—a damn'd rebellious look—

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Wash. Good god sir!—speak to him somebody—do! do! Oh dear! Oh! I'm out of breath.

Rat. Sir I believe there's none in this company but what are as true republicans as yourself.

Buck. By my fawl mon! an I ha as grate a regord for the illustrious President of the United States, as ye ha there's na rabels in America mon.

Parch. I hope there are not—nevertheless, it has a Guy-Faux appearance a damned romantic look.

Trow. How can you say so?

Quad. I'm surpris'd at you Mr. Parchment.

Truf. The devil burn me, but so am I too!

Parch. I tell you gentlemen, it smells of Gunpowder, treason, blood, assassination, slaughter, massacre, and murder.

Wash. I'll give you my bond for five hundred pounds, it is no such thing, indeed, indeed it an't Mr. Parchment,—Oh dear! speak to him somebody.

Buck. Deel damme mon, say that agen and by St. Andra, Ize cut aff your heed.

Parch. I'm not to be frighten'd by you Mr. Buckram, damme Sir you're mistaken.

Hum. (Aside) Moderate your passion Mr. Buckram, don't be too rash, let me speak to him—I hope Mr. Parchment you won't suppose any of us capable of conspiring against the government, no Sir!—I answer for all present (yourself excepted) the United States hath not more faithful republicans—the whole business that you were desired to attend upon here this evening, I'll instantly communicate,—if you'll hear—but, if not—why Sir—

Trow. Aye, do hear—if you don't like it, you can be off, as well as myself.

Truf. Arra my dear! an have a little pashence an we'll tell you all an more too, honey.

Buck. Deel damme mon, If you won't hear, ye may e'en gang aboot your buz'ness.

Rat. I think him totally unworthy of any communication whatever.

Quad. Your behaviour is very extraordinary—let me tell you Mr. Parchment,—I little expected the like from you.

Parch. I can't help that Sir,—my duty.—

Hum. If you are suspicious of us Sir, you're at liberty to

quit the company and make what use of our proceedings you think proper—we can answer for ourselves.

Truf. Aye, and hang us too, and then turn States Evidence, you devil you!

Parch. You being my old friends, I still regard you, therefore I drop those thoughts, I would not injure your persons or families—I confess I was over zealous, when I made use of the expression.

Buck. Domme mon and thot's mon leek.

Rac. Come, come, Mr. Parchment consider.

Trow. Hear, Sir, hear!

Hum. I promise you you'll have no cause to repent of it? tis out of pure regard to you, we gave you the invitation. [*Aside*] I could wish him to be one of us he'd be of infinite service.

Parch. On condition it is none of those things I have mentioned I am ready to hear.

Hum. I give you my honour and the sacred word of a mason it is not, and here's my hand upon it. [*Shakes hands.*]

Parch. I'm satisfy'd Mr. Hum.

Trow. Now this is clever, it's just like brethren dwelling together in unity.

Truf. Fath'an it is—it looks well on our side again—by my soul! an it's for all the world now, like too-hoores fighting and quarrelling and soon make it up again.

Trow. A bad beginning sometimes, makes a good ending.

Truf. That's true for you my dear, (*To Parchment*) mind that honey.

Hum. Well silence gentlemen!—you must know then, that I have very unexpectedly and to my very great joy, received a letter from my loving sister-in-law in England, who is heiress to the famous Captain Blackbeard [*of blessed memory*] inclosing sundry papers, such as, original letters, a will, a power of attorney, plans, charts, drafts and memorandums of a vast quantity of of treasure, &c. &c. that was buried by the pirates, above a century ago, here in America and these are the papers gentlemen, please to look over them. [*They look over them.*]

Parch. Aha!—I beg you ten thousand pardons gentlemen.—since it's an affair of this nature, I join you with all my heart.

Truf. The devil doubt you my jewel and welcome.

Rac. (*Pointing to one of the papers in Parchment's hand*) What

20 THE DISAPPOINTMENT; OR,

dat?—do Mr. Parchment read it—I can't see widout my f. ec-
tacles.

Wash. Aye do read it, let us hear every thing.

Parch. May I presume to read it Mr. Hum?

Hum. By all means sir,—as your'e a gentleman of the quill a
chirographist, your'e best acquainted with these old fashion'd
writings.

Parch. Annoque Domini 1687. Why I find,—(but I'll omit
the preamble) it's a particular account of the treasure. It is as
follows, verbatim et literatim, to wit, viz. Imprimis, 17
large golden candlesticks, 13 golden chalices, 11 crucifixes of
gold, set round with large table diamonds, 30,000 Portugal pie-
ces, 120,000 Spanish pistoles, 470,000 pistarenes, 73 Ingots of
gold, 1 small box of diamonds, 160,000 pieces of eight of
Mexico, 3 large boxes of pearls, 150 pounds weight of gold dust
and the picture of his holiness Pope, Gregory Hildebrand, in a
frame of solid gold, embellish'd with 3,000 rose diamonds and
inclosed in a gold box.

This instrument is signed by

Edward Teach, alias Blackbeard	-	-	-	Captain.
Moses Brimstone	-	-	-	1st. Lieutenant.
Brian Fireball	-	-	-	2d. Lieutenant.
Judas Guzzlefire	-	-	-	Gunner.
Harry Split-throat	-	-	-	Boatswain.
Jeffery Katdevil.	-	-	-	Cook.

Wash. O? what a treasure!—what do you think of our plot
now, eigh! Mr. Parchment, He! he! he.

Parch. I like it extremely well sir—I wish I had been con-
cerned in such a plot, twenty years ago.

Truj. The devil a word a lie in all that; and wouldn't you be
after turning states evidence now honey?

Parch. O! no—god forbid Mr. Trushoop—nor hang you
neither.

Truf. The devil trust you Mr. Gunpowder and blood.

Hum. Ha! ha! too close—well here's enough for us all.

Truf. By St. Patrick it's a very fine ting if a body cou'd but
get their fingers in it.

Quad. He! he! he!

Hum.—Ha! ha! ha!

Rack. By my soul, ise awa we a me dranken jco ne non

an keck the shap—beord out a the wadow.

Wagb. I'll shave no more, I'll keep my hands out of the sudds.

Rac. Dis will make me cut de figure in life, and appear in de world wid de propper importance and den I'll do sumting for poor-ting.

Trow. For my part, I'll not boast about it.—But the world shall see I'll put it to a pious use.

Rat. Very good, very good gentlemen, but let us proceed to business—Our work must be carried on, with Secrecy and dispatch—beside it will be attended, with some trifling expence at the first out set, for refreshments &c. &c.—I believe it will be necessary to appoint Mr. Parchment our Secretary and Treasurer, if it be agreeable to him.

All say. With all our hearts!

Parch. [*Rising up*] Gentlemen!—you have already laid me under many obligations and those appointments I look upon as an indubitable proof of your esteem—I accept of them with gratitude and heartily thank you for your kind information and adoption into your company, and the great confidence you have (so unworthily) reposed in me, and you may depend upon the most religious secrecy, faithfulness, accuracy, dispatch, and punctuality.

Truf. Well now an that's a very fine spack! by my soul an father Duffy, nor Murtagh O'Lowery, never made a better.

Hum. Ha! ha!—a queer dog.

Qual. What sum do you imagine Mr. Rattletrap, will be necessary for each to deposit?

Rat. O trifling, trifling, I suppose about half a Joe per man for the present, for tavern expences and a few &c's.

Rat. Before I make use of my art, to discover this treasure, I must insist that each of you go to Mr. Parchment's office and be sworn to secrecy and honesty to each other and there deposit your respective quotas.

All say. Agreed! agreed!

Hum. Well gentlemen, it grows late,—let's break up for the present. I expect to see you all to morrow evening, at six o'clock, mean while let it remain a profound secret,—remember you are now going to be sworn, so don't let your nearish friends, or even your wiver know it!

Truf. That's true for you,—let me alone for that, honey!

22. THE DISAPPOINTMENT; OR,

True. Not a soul living shall get a word out of me.

(*All rise.*)

(*PARCHMENT sings.*)

SONG. V.

Now let us join hands and unite in this cause:

'Tis glorious gold, that will gain us applause;

How happy are we? with such treasure in store!

We'll clothe all the naked and feed all the poor.

We'll clothe, &c.

How happy for me, to this country I came?

You all my dear friends now can witness the same.

In wealth to abound. Oh! the thought is most sweet,

No more will I write for one farthing a sheet.

No more, &c.

Back. Now my braw lads, au stand true,

True. Aia fath! will we that's true for you.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II. *An inn.*

Watchman. (*Going his round.*) Pa-phand thurree un-glock, un-raisy mo-e-or-ning.

(*Enter TRUSHOOP, on the opposite side.*)

True. Fath an, that fellows hit it—by my soul! but I believe Noak's Ark never rained harder.—Now, an what the devil will I be after saying to my wife?—an what excuze will I make?—by my soul! an she looked as black as a Carolina under-squall at me t'oder night, when I cumm'd home in the morning—By the holy stone! an I'm very afeard to tump at the dure—but I can't stand this way in the morning, lying out in the cowl rain all night—by my soul! and this sitting up all night will be the det of me—fath an I'll tell her all the secret—but that won't do nather, for I'm book sworn, an I'll not sell my soul to the devil, for a handful of scowldings.—Well, if I had the wuddom of the holy St. Patrick—St. Dominic—St. Kullumbill—Murtagh O'Lavery—the venerable Labre, an all the piush shaints of Ireland, I wou'd-n't be able to tell what to do,—but fath an I must cum in some-baw, or t'oder. (*Knocks at the door.*)

Mrs. True. (*At the window.*) Who's there?

True. Who else my jewel but your own deer Trushoop? open the dure if you plaze my jewel.

Mrs. Truf. Not I, by my conscience!—go back to the hoeres, where you cum from, I'll not be disturbed by you this way so I won't.

Truf. Open the dure, my deer if you plaze, the nabours will make a grate-tawk if you wou'd, for nabour glibbings people are all up.

Mrs. Truf. What do I care for the nabours, they know I'm an honest virtuous woman, an that's more than they can say of you, an it's no matter how soon they know of your goings on, if you stay out every night in the morning.

Truf. Well if you won't open it yourself my swatest, why then call Tarrance, if you plaze.

Mrs. Truf. Indeed, an indeed an I'll call no Tarrance, if you want Tarrance, why then call him yourself, I'll not be staying up in the cowl, killing my life this way so I won't.

[She retires from the window.]

Truf. *(Knocks at the door)* Tarrance!—Tarrance!—Tarrance!

Tar. *(Answers within)* Cumming Sir.

Truf. Well then come away, an faith! I an you will go to work togeder, so we will, for by my soul the shap will be the stillest place in the house for me, for by St. Patrick, an I'd rather hear the Coopers march, than the sound of my wife's rung the day. *(Knocks again)* Tarrance!—Tarrance!—

Tar. *(Within)* Cumming.

Truf. Augh! th's oath—this day will be a bad night to me—Well the devil a hare I care—when I get the money she'll soon make fit up wid me—sath I'll make her as grate as the Arle of Portledown's own wife—Lady Bertymore than't be finer than she! *(He knocks and calls Tarrance)* why you tref of the world! if you don't cum down in a minute, I'll give you shelay!—why, Tarrance!

Tar. *(Within)* I'm just here.

Truf. This fellow's enough to wurry the patience of St. Ignatius, or the holy Pope himself. Tarrance!—you devil you!

Tar. *(Opens the door)* Shure I'm just here.

Truf. You tref of the world, what made you let me in when I tump!

Tar. Shure I cumm'd when I heard you cawl—

Truf. You lie you tref!

Tar. *(Scratching his head and grumbling)* Shure if you cumm'd

home in time we wou'dn't have all this boditheration, so we wou'dn't.

Truf. Give us none of your gum, you spawlpene of perdition!—by my soul an I'll give you Sholaley. *(He beats him.)*

Tar. *(Bawls out aloud)* O murder!—murder! master deer lave off, don't kill one.

Mrs. Truf. *(Returns to the window)* Ar'n't you ashamed to be making a grate noise in the Alley this morning, killing the poor boy for nooting?

Tar. Arra mistress dare speak till him—master deer lave off, for shure I was asleep, when I heard you cawl.

Truf. *(Pushing Tarrance from him)* To the devil I pitch all liars—go to your work, you tief of the world, and if you don't make me five tight keggs the day (that will howl'd no water) I'll bate you as long as I am able and longer too. *(They cross the alley to the shop.)*

(Exeunt.)

SCENE III. A Room in Moll Placker's house.

(Enter Raccoon, with a Spit, Pick-axe, and Spade, shouldered.)

Rac. What shall I do wid dese tings?—dad I'll put dem under de bed *[He steps into the next room, puts them under the bed, and returns]* But where's Mrs. Placket?—She'll be oberjoyed when I tell her,—dad I'll dress her off as fine as de Queen of Shebey, when she come to see brudder Solomon—she shall go to de play every night, wid a coach and two footmen to tend her *[He calls]* Placket! Pet! Pet!

Plack. *(Within)* Pets a-coming—Pets a-coming, dear Cooney,

(Enter PLACKET.)

Rac. Buss me my dear, and I'll tell you someting, dat will make you happy.

[Plack. What! is your wife dead? 'say—tell me—for I know that will make us both happy!

Rac. No, no—but its bery near so good—but you'll tell—

Plack. No, indeed, indeed and double deed—I won't my dear Cooney.

Rac. Well den—I'll not keep my dear Pet in suspense any longer—but you must buss me, when I say any ting dat pleases you.

Plack. Well! so I will, a hundred and a hundred times.

THE FORCE OF CREDULITY. 25

Rac. Well den—but you'll tell? If you do I'll neber forgib you.

Plack. Trust me dear Cooney—did I ever betray any of your secrets?

Rac. Why no pet—den I'll tell you. Mr. Hum has receiv'd a letter from his sister-in-law in England, wid an account of two or tree hunder'd thousand pound, and some oder tings, dat was buried by old Blackbeard de pirate; wid de draft where it is hid, and we know de berry spot—*(she kisses him)* and I'll gib you five hunder'd a year for pin-money *(kisses)* and we'll ride in de coach togedder *(kisses)* and we'll go to de play togedder *(kisses)* and den we'll come home and go to bed togedder *(kisses)* and den we'll—a you little rogue you, *(kisses again.)*

Plack. And do you really think you'll find it?

Rac. Why yes, to be sure child; we know de berry spot!

Plack. Why if you knew where all the treasure in the world was buried, you'd never obtain it without a conjuror.

Rac. Yes my dear, but we hab a conjuror, weeb got Mr. Rattletrap, he understands 'srology and de magic-art, better den Doctor Foster, or any man in de gubberment, and dis night we intend to make de trial,—and I must go dis instant and settle de place of meeting.

Plack. And can you leave me so soon, my dear Cooney?

[RACCOON sings.]

SONG VI.

O! how joyful shall I be,

When I get de money,

I will bring it all to dee;

O! my diddling honey.

[Exit singing.]

Plack. Bye, bye, Cooney. Good luck attend him, for my sake. Poor old fool! he thinks I have a prodigious fondness for him, and so I have for his better part—that's his money. He has been deficient in payment for some time past, and now tells me a cock and a bull story of hidden treasure, to amuse and deceive me—accompanied with a deluge of soft Dobbering language. Such as, his pet, his dove, his poor ting, and a thousand such childish ex-

pressions and I think I'm up with him,—for I call him Cooney, cock-a-pidgeon, sugar-plumb, cock-a-dandy, and all the sweet things I can think of, and was any one to overhear us, they would think us two little children playing baby; and really we do little more. But thank fortune! I'm not at a loss for a friend to make up his deficiency, tho' he thinks me as innocent as a dove; and indeed I'm like a dove, in one respect; for when I lose one mate, I mourn till I get another—but I hope the worst is past.

S O N G VII.

Tho' I hate the old wretch, full as bad as Jack Kerch,
 My necessities tell me to please him;
 I will ogle and whine, till I make the gold mine;
 For that's the best method to ease him.
 I'll simper and leer, and I'll call him my dear,
 And be loving as ever I can be;
 Then hasten dear Cooney, and fetch me the money;
 For that will exact to my plan be. *[Exit singing.]*

S C E N E IV. A Street.

(Enter QUADRANT and HUM, meeting RATTLETRAP.)

Hum. Hey! Rattletrap, which way?

Rat. I've just return'd from the place of action. We go on gloriously! Quadrant and I must set out half an hour before the rest, to have all things in readiness—I've left Spitfire there and given him his proper cue.

Hum. Very good! What do you think? Ha! ha! I just now saw brother Raccoon, with a long catalogue of all his military achievements, both in Jamaica and on the Continent, together with a treatise he wrote on Tactics, last war, for the instruction not only of our militia, but the regular officers likewise. The same he exhibited in the Coffee-house—you remember it—I could scarcely refrain from laughing, while he was so earnest in explaining to me de hollow square, and de evolutions, as he call'd 'em. He's gone in great haste, to lay 'em before the Governor, to procure his recommendation to the Secretary at War, for a Kurnell's Commission, as he term'd it. I find nothing less than a Regiment will satisfy him, which, he thinks his transcendent

merit alone, entitles him to. But whether or not, he swears he'll make his gold subservient to his ambition, when he obtains it.

Quad. Bravo! I believe he will truly, when he obtains it. Ha! ha! ha!

Hum. I'm at a loss to guess how he'll bear up, under his disappointment. Nothing can equal his folly but his vanity. But I'm in hopes this experiment, this campaign will cure him.

Rat. No matter how much he's disappointed. I'm doubtful, fellows of his turn, are incapable of proper reflection.

Hum. True—but it's a great pity for all. Well, remember we're all to meet at the Lun, precisely at six. (*Looks at his watch.*) We've but half an hour to spare. Adieu! Adieu?

[*Exeunt different ways.*]

SCENE V. *A Taylor's shop.*

(*Tailors at work, some singing, others whistling, &c.*)

(*Enter BUCKRAM, with his broadsword.*)

Buck. Awa! awa! we ye a, awa, begane ye skoondrels, oot o me hoose this menceete, or by St. Andia, Ize chap aff the heeds o ev'ry vullain o ye! oot ye vile scum, na gabble oot, o yer heeds or Ize mak a sacrafteeze o ye a. (*He makes a few flourishes with his sword, and cuts off the brass knob of the door. The Tailors all jump off the shop board in confusion, tumbling over each other with their stockings about their heels, &c. and exit.*) Nanna me hoose sal be a resapiacle for thieves, ye preckloose cabbaging sins o hoores: thir thirte years Ize been a servan to ye a—Awa! awa Stay-tape, Bockrum, Moohare, Guze, Clips an a. (*He kicks and throws them with remnants, skirts of cloth, and old clothes about the stage.*) Na mare cassion ha I for ye; noo Ize clared the shap-boord, the next thing is to clare the hall o its rubbage, [*He kicks the scraps, old rags, &c. about from under the shop-board.*] Ize fut up this room for the reception o Congress and gentlemen o the foorst rank,—then Ize gang till Britain and buy a title, it sal be naething less than Laird Chamberlain, foorst Laird o the bed chaunber, or meester o the wardrobe, then Ize be a gude freea till America, an noo Ize eased me mine o the parplaxity o buznecs,—noo for the gowd,—Ize gang and meet my company.

[*Sings.*]

THE DISAPPOINTMENT; OR,
SONG VIII.

Ize cut oot political claiith,
To patch an men' the state,
My bodkin an my thamble baith
Combine to mak me grate.
Ize meesur'd oot a pleece at coort,
That best wae grandeur suits;
Ize scorn aye o the meaner sort,
Leke silly paultry brutes.
Oh! the gowd, the bonny, bonny gowd,
That's buried near the mull,
Oh! cou'd I get aye grup o thee
Then I shou'd ha me wull.

[Exit.

SCENE VI. *A Room in Wasfball's house.*

(Enter MEANWELL and LUCY.)

Mean. I can't conceive my dear Lucy, the meaning of your uncle's displeasure, his churlish behaviour for some days past, gives me great concern.

Lucy. He never utter'd a syllable to your disadvantage, till within these three days, during which, he has been perpetually dinning in my ears, that, provided I marry agreeably to his will, he'd give me ten thousand pounds for a portion! and further, declar'd, that if ever I spoke to you again, or kept your company, he'd disown me.

Mean. Strange!—but where's he to get the money?

Lucy. The Lord knows! he's certainly beside himself, or, he cou'dn't entertain such preposterous ideas, he told me last night, he intended shortly to sail for old Spain, and there get himself dubb'd a Knight of the Golden-fleece.

Mean. Unaccountable! why he must be out of his senses, or, he never cou'd talk so inconsistently, and to appoint tomorrow for the celebration of our nuptials, make the necessary preparations, then of a sudden change his mind!—I cannot account for it.

Lucy. I hope this humour will shortly change, then we shall bring matters to a conclusion: for it wou'd be much more agreeable to me, with, than without his final consent.

Mean. Certainly ! it wou'd be so to us both ; but further consent, or not, it must be done !

Lucy. Our affair, is now carried on too far for us to retract, without subjecting ourselves to the ridicule of the whole town ; beside, my dear Meanwell, you know a girl's character, under such circumstances, seldom escapes censure.

Mean. True my dear Lucy ! the world's very censorious, and slander (like a snow-ball) always gathers by rolling, whatever malice can invent, or envy suggest, shall never lessen you in my esteem ; I know your virtue and you know my honor ! my love to you, is of the most pure and evangelical kind ! it runs spontaneously thro' my veins, like a " fountain of living water." 'Tis fixed irrevocably, firm as a rock, impossible to be shaken, by the blasts of an universe of scandalous tongues !

Lucy. Be assured my dearest Meanwell, your generous love, shall be repaid with virtue, tenderness, respect, and obedience, and could I possess the Ten thousand pounds, my uncle has sparrow'd out for me : I shou'd esteem it as so much dross.—'Twou'd only serve to accelerate my misery without you !

SONG. IX.

Mean. My dear Lucy, you ravish my heart,
I am blest with such language as this,
To my arms then O come ! we'll ne'er part,
And now mutually seal with a kiss. (*Kisses.*)

Lucy. Ten thousand sweet kisses I'll give,
O ! be you but contented with me,
Then for you my dear Meanwell I'll live ;
And as happy as constant I'll be.

Lord ! here's my uncle !

(*Enter WASHBALL.*)

Wash. Hey dëy ! here's fine doings indeed ! you're a singling master, are you ? how dare you enter my house, after I forbid you ?—Eigh firrah ?

Mean. Sir, your niece—and——

Wash. And what ?—firrah !—what have you to do with my niece ? out of my house, with your sole-sam-ela : you're a pretty fellow truly ! to marry a girl of ten thousand pounds -

30 THE DISAPPOINTMENT; OR,

fortune? eigh! sole sam-ela indeed!—I suppose you intend to feed her with wind and you're giving her a sample of it, eigh! ar'n't you fellow?

Mean. Sir, I beg—

Wash. Beg what?—I suffer no beggars in my house: begone you rascal!—get out of my house I say—what, do you want to rob me, and debauch my niece? eigh! out of my house or I'll break your head, firrah!

Lucy. Dear uncle, be patient!

Wash. Patient eigh? what, you want him to stay do you? huffey, get to your room! to your room this instant! (*He attempts to strike her with his cane, Meanwell interposes and receives the blow.*) Get out of my house, you rascal!—away to your room baggage!—out of my house villain!

[*Exit Meanwell and Lucy different ways.*]

Wash. (*Out of breath.*) If ever I find you here again, you sole-sam-ela dog you, I'll send you to the work-house, firrah! ten thousand pounds eigh! to an upstart coxcomb, who hasn't so much as a coat of arms: Meanwell! mean enough, God knows! I'm sure, there's no such name to be found, in all the books of heraldry:—no, no! I'll match my niece to a nobleman, who can trace his genealogy as far back, as Edward the Confessor, William the Conqueror, Charles the Fat, or Pope Gregory Hildebrand, and settle a good jointure on her equal to that I intend to give her. I'll away to Spain and get myself created a Knight of the Golden-Fleece! then, I shall have a greater coat of arms, than any peer of Great Britain! I shall be then called Mr. Sir John Washball Esquire, Knight of the most noble order of the Golden-Fleece! and then I'll seek out for some handsome noble blooded young virgin (if I can find one of that character, among that class of people, which I'm a little doubtful of these fornicating times) with whom I'll light the hymeneal torch, at the connubial altar: tho' I've past my octogenary years of age! what of that? Abram, Isaac, and Jacob, were forty times older than I and begat Sons and daughters innumerable and so may I! nothing like trying—Oh! how I exult in the prospect, but stop, let me see; what if some young cisibeo, shou'd Crim. Con. me? eigh! egad I shou'dn't like that very well! but then, if he

shou'd, I shall have some consolation in knowing I can't help it and that I must do the same, since its become now a-days fashionable among the great and that will be fit for tat, for a body, (as the saying is) may as well be out of the world as out of the fashion: He, he, he! egad, I'll e'en run the risque of it: but I must away and meet my friends; the lucky hour approaches, when gold, diamonds and rubies, shall make their appearance, for, the diamond so fine, when lodg'd in the mine, to no purpose its brilliancy lies wasting.

Which now lie dormant, in our mother earth,

But I must labour hard, to give 'em birth!

For money I'll have and am resolv'd to try

My fate, or failing in the adventure die! [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

(Scene opens and discovers Mrs. Trowell at work in her parlour.)

(A knocking at the door.)

Mrs. Trow. Who's there? walk in.

(Enter Mrs. TRUSHOPP.)

Mrs. Truf. An how are you Mrs. Trowell?

Mrs. Trow. Oh! my dear Mrs. Trushopp, I'm rejoiced to see you, take a chair: I made bold to request the favour of your good company to take a dish of tea; you've become a great stranger of late.

Mrs. Truf. Indeed an indeed, the whole world and every thing in it seems strange to me of late—all going to destruction.

Mrs. Trow. Lord! how?—tell me—I have been very uneasy for some time past, thinking I might have unknowingly offended you: God knows my heart! we used to be as intimate as two lovers, and nothing wou'd give me half so much pleasure as a continuance of our old sweet intimacy.

Mrs. Truf. Augh! an its all over with the like of that now.

Mrs. Trow. The like of what? speak plain, have I offended you?

Mrs. Truf. No, indeed an you hav'n't.

Mrs. Trow. Then why do you absent yourself and look so dejected of late? what is the matter—tell me, do?

Mrs. Truf. Matter enough God knows!

Mrs. Trow. You astonish me!—you know I'm your friend, hide nothing from me; it may be I can serve you.

Mrs. Truf. Impossible? say no more about it, I know your goodness. (*Cries.*) What did this carpet cost you?

Mrs. Trow. Pshaw! fifteen pounds—but pray tell me?

Mrs. Truf. My worthless husband promised me one long ago, but poor devil vary soon an he'll not be able to buy a house-cloth to wipe the flure. (*Cries.*)

Mrs. Trow. O! tell me what's the matter, I vow my heart bleeds for you.

Mrs. Truf. I can't.

Mrs. Trow. You can.

Mrs. Truf. I mus'n't.

Mrs. Trow. You must, you shall.

Mrs. Truf. No, never.

Mrs. Trow. I insist upon it! remember the many hours, we and our husbands have passed together, in social mirth and conversation, in visiting, in card-parties, in going to plays, in sleighing, and in tripping to Gray's Gardens, they calling each other brother, on account of their being Free-masons, and we in consequence of it calling each other sister.

Mrs. Truf. Curse the name! that I fear is the source of all my sorrows.

Mrs. Trow. What name, Sister?

Mrs. Truf. No, indeed.

Mrs. Trow. Brother.

Mrs. Truf. No.

Mrs. Trow. What then pray?

Mrs. Truf. Free-mason. (*Cries.*)

Mrs. Trow. Gracious goodness!—how?

Mrs. Truf. Why now Mrs. Trowell, you force me to spake, when I don't want to spake. Why, Trushoop (an I'll say that for him) ever since we were man and wife, which is now two and twenty years, twelve months, an I think, thirty four days, kept good hours, till he got into that cursed club of Free-masons, an they have been the ruin of him; sowl an body! an my own self an family in the bargain, an we shall all in a little time be beggars!

Mrs. Trow. I hope not! Lord don't say so, quite opposite.

principles they profess! you are certainly mistaken Mrs. Trushoop.

Mrs. Truf. Profess!—Troth, but I'm not mistaken at all, at all.

Mrs. Trow. Why, their principles are Charity, Brotherly-love and Chastity. [hands.

Mrs. Truf. Hypocrisy, drinking an hooring. (Clapping her

Mrs. Trow. O fy! O fy! How? how?

Mrs. Truf. Why, don't you see? They have larnt Trushoop to kape company, go to the lodge, naglect his buzness, and carry him away to the hoore-houses in Irish town, an about; staying out all night in the morning, tumping at the dure an disturbing my raft an all the nabours in the alley: why now an what signifies tawking? sure an you heard him tump many an many a times, hav'n't you now, say?

Mrs. Trow. I have so; but at the same time, I cannot bear to hear any reflections cast on the Free masons. They are a society of sober, virtuous gentlemen, well acquainted with Philosophy, Architecture, Morality, and the very quintessence of religion.

Mrs. Truf. Hoot! Hoot! you tawk vary one indeed—sure an you know better than all that Mrs. Trowell.

Mrs. Trow. I know this, and its a truth, that ever since my husband has been a Free-mason, he has grown more sober, goes to church more frequently than he used to do, says his prayers, every night and morning and never misses saying grace, before and after meals.

Mrs. Truf. Augh! hoogh! but that is a devil of a reformation, sure enuff. By my consience now, an it's not so with Trushoop. The devil a prayer he prays, or grace, or goes to Church, or any thing like it. But what of all that? Fath an I've often heard your man of God tump at your own dure an vary lately two, at vary unfazorable hours.

Mrs. Trow. I don't deny that Mrs. Trushoop, but yet the Free-masons are not to blame.

Mrs. Truf. By my consience! but they are, an I believe Trushoop an your saint of a mason goes togeder. The devil a barrel the better shad—I wonder now an how you can be so azey Mrs. Trowell?

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Mrs. Trow. Why I must confess, I was for some time very uneasy and jealous like yourself, but I have learned patience and resignation, and considering that my husband continued to go to church and say his prayers and graces as usual—I thought, that possibly, I might be jealous without sufficient cause.

Mrs. Truf. Shure! an he don't pray at night, only to be let in, in the morning, 'pon my soul! now Mrs. Trowell, an you may tawk an tawk till you're as black as a nager, about his going to church, an prayers, an graces, an resignations, an patience—I tell you now, an it's all defeat—why now, an did you never hare of the Fallen in the gospel, how he open'd his winders, to let the pable see him pray? an he was as grate a rascal, as e.e. trod shoe-leather! an a free-mason too, I warrant the dog!—fath! an I won't be put off so—so I wouldn't.

Mrs. Trow. Lord! how you talk! Mrs.——

Mrs. Truf. Tawk! aye fath! an I tow'd Trushoop t'oder day, I would know the true—I rason'd with him, so I did,—I raz'd him—I 'spostelated with him again an again—I rav'd—I rag'd—I flamp't—I storm'd—I wow'd—I protasted—I swore (an fath! I curst him! God forgive me for cursing a brute baast,) that he shoud never put his fust in bed with me, (an God forgive me for taking such a rash of he) till he tow'd me the rason of his kaping such bad hours—an don't you think it, Mrs. Trowell? the devil a word I get out of him, at all at all—an he went over to the shap, and I went after, and I rason'd again an again with him, till my poor hart was next dure to bursting,—an he bate the koopers march on the barrel, an made such a confounded noise all the time, an wouldn't hare me spake a word, at all at all—so I was devilish mad, that I bate him with the tick end of the hoop-pole about twenty tuzps—so I wouldn't give him a toot-full to are, an poor devil he has been starving for this week to cum, an by my consence an he shall have none from me, so he shall—let him go eat with the hoeres where he cum from.

Mrs. Trow. O! gracious!—if ever I heard the like!—you cruel creature!—how cou'd you serve him so?

Mrs. Truf. Csuel!—fath! an he ought to be sent to the Bastile, an Buttony-bay in the bargin.

Mrs. Trow. Merciful father, how you talk!

Mrs. Truf. Tawk indeed!

Mrs. Trow. Well, thank God! I took a contrary method with my husband, and have succeeded to the utmost of my wishes having thereby discovered the mystery.

Mrs. Truf. An what mystery? pray now?

Mrs. Trow. So don't fret your husband, nor make yourself uneasy, any more; take my word for it, it will all—[coughs.]

Mrs. Truf. All what, pray now?

Mrs. Trow. Turn out for the better.

Mrs. Truf. O jafus! better! an better! may be it wou'd; if they'd leave off hooring.

Mrs. Trow. Let 'em alone—let 'em go on in their own way.

Mrs. Truf. Go on their own way! my consience! to destruction! spending their time, health an substance! do you call that "turn out for the better?" Lord! how you tawk!—I'm ashamed of you, indeed an I am Mrs. Trowell—you're strangely altered to what you was.

Mrs. Trow. No, no, that is not the case, nor consequence.

Mrs. Truf. I am shure but it is—shure an your out of your senses.

Mrs. Trow. No, God forbid.

Mrs. Truf. You must be near it.

Mrs. Trow. I am not.

Mrs. Truf. Faith are you; alle what do you mane by your misteries—an all for the better—faith, an its vary misterious sort of tawk, so it is.

Mrs. Trow. Come, come, don't be angry—I'll tell you, and you'll be as well pleas'd with the happy discovery as I was, after suffering much anxiety of mind, and knowing the soft and loving temper of my husband, I wheedled, I coas'd, I fondled, I hugg'd, I squeez'd, I carefs'd, and I kiss'd him, till I got the whole secret out of him; tho' I confess, in some degree, I was oblig'd to act the Bellah, for you know a man of feeling and sensibility, cannot long withstand the solicitations of a woman he loves—they are all Samsons, I assure you. In short, he undidled the whole riddle to me, and if I had been so minded; I could have got the whole secret of a rec-maloury out of him, but I def-

pised taking that advantage of him, knowing he must have perjured himself.

Mrs. Truf. An what is it? pray let's hear you've been a long time about it.

Mrs. Trow. Have a little patience, and I heartily congratulate you, on our pleasing prospect of flowing in wealth, and notwithstanding your forebodings of poverty, it will turn out the happiest circumstance of our lives, enable us to live, not only independent, but in a superlative station.

Mrs. Truf. My God! art'st you humbugging me now? Mrs. Trowell.

Mrs. Trow. No indeed, I'm not capable of it.

Mrs. Truf. An can you be serious?

Mrs. Trow. I am upon honour.

Mrs. Truf. An how is this matter to be fought? Oh! I shall faint.

Mrs. Trow. Pshaw! never faint at good news—don't be so weak Mrs. Trushoop, keep a steady even temper. [*She brings a small bottle of cordial and a glass.*] Drink a little of this. [*She drinks.*] I hope you feel more compos'd Mrs. Trushoop?

Mrs. Truf. Troth on I sale a good deal better—do give me another glass Mrs. Trowell, an that will compose me. [*Gives her another glass.*] Augh! an I'm bravely now. But, pray go on, where you left off—don't kape me so long, or else I shall faint again.

Mrs. Trow. Resume your former cheerfulness—banish jealousy and suspicion—keep your spirits up, “be not faithless, but believe.” Well; now I'll tell you. Mr. Hum and Mr. Quadrant, both Free-masons, have a certain knowledge of a vast sum of money, and rich jewels, that was formerly hid by the pirates, and they meet every night at the Tun, to consult together and prepare themselves, to go one of these nights to dig it up—out of brotherly love to my husband an yours, an two or three others, have communicated the secret in confidence to them, and they are to come in for equal shares, and this accounts for their staying out so late—the Tun is the bawdy-house they frequent, and now I hope Mrs. Trushoop, you will make yourself easy, and treat your husband with more humanity and kindness.

Mrs. Truf. Troth! an I will—if its true—but how will they find the plashe?

Mrs. Trow. Why blefs you!—by the virtue and power of masonry, and the knowledge of Mr. Rattletrap, the conjurer; and they have got magic lanthorns, dark-lanthorns, spy-glasses, telescopes, compasses, quadrants, spades, shovels, boring-augers, spits, and other implements, in great forwardness.

Mrs. Truf. Good luck to 'em, an' blessings on masons and masonry: an ten-thousand blessings on Rattletrap. Oh! my dare Trushoop, how ill I have treated you, my hart is vary sorry for it, but poor fowl! I'll come and make it up with you. *(Rises.)*

Mrs. Trow. O no! not yet!—you shall stay tea first.

Mrs. Truf. Not I, by my consence, do you think now an I can sit azezy here, an see him, poor fowl! starving at home?—not I indeed! I never cou'd, *Mrs. Trowell.* *(Going.)*

Mrs. Trow. Psha!—what nonsense! stay, do—tea is nearly ready.

Mrs. Truf. No, indeed! an indeed! an I cannot. I'll go this instant, and make him a good dish of grane-say at home, for poor fowl! he is starv'd to death already, and he may die with starvation, or the hyperphobe, for he's ate nutting but vater in my house for this two weeks to come, so he has. *(Going.)*

Mrs. Trow. Poh! poh! what nonsense—do stay.

Mrs. Truf. Not for the world! how hard-harted you are now.

Mrs. Trow. You're always on the extremes—I'll send for him to drink tea with us.

Mrs. Truf. No, No!—I want a little private tawk with him, I'll cum again to-morrow—Good bye, good bye.

Mrs. Trow. Well, see you do. Good bye. *(Exit Mrs. Trushoop.)* An unsteady woman! soon rais'd and

soon depress'd. But I was short; I didn't caution her against giving any cause of suspicion of what is going on. I fear, she by her indiscretion may ruin the project, by blabbing it out, among the neighbours in the alley, who are not very remarkable for taciturnity, any more than herself;—it would be a fatal discovery, and the blame all fall upon me.—I must see her directly, and settle that point. [Exit.

SCENE II. Scene opens and discovers RATTLETRAP, HUM, QUADRANT, RACCOON, BUCKRAM, TRUSHOOP, WASHBALL, and TROWELL, seated round a table, with wine, &c.

(Enter PARCHMENT.)

Parch. My old friend, Mr. Trushoop, how are you?

Truf. O hone a cree! O! my deer, at your sarvish—but I don't care how I am—so you are well. (Shakes hands.

Parch. Hah! hah!—I hope you're all well, gentlemen.

Trow. Come, Mr. Parchment, sit down.

Hum. Are we all here, gentlemen?

Truf. Troth! an here's the hole-tote of us, burds of a fedder flock togedder.

Hum. Then we'll proceed to business:—Well, gentlemen, every thing seems to go on prosperously, and bear a favourable aspect—I think myself happy, in not having disclosed this important secret, to any of the vain or profligate part of mankind—but to you, gentlemen, who, by a long series of acquaintance, I've found to be men of the strictest honor and integrity; which leaves me no room to doubt, but that the treasure, we're now about to discover and divide amongst us, will be so disposed of, as to render each of us useful members of society, and shining ornaments to the government under which we live.—It would grieve my heart to see any of you act

inconsistent with the character of a man of piety and a gentleman!

Truf. *(Aside.)* Ah! my deer, that's true for you! *(Aside.)* Don't you see, that vary fine spache he made just now?—by my fowl! an he's a jantelman of grate larnedness! fath! an he is. I'll warrant him now, an he's got Egypt's fables all by heart, so he has.

Quad. *(Aside.)* He is certainly a man of great cognoscence.

Truf. *(Aside.)* No sense?—fath! an he's got forty times more sense than you honey.

Trow. *(Aside.)* Hah!—hah! what a queer dog!

Rac. We tank brudder Hum, for his kind admonitions, what he says it erate, and springs from de berry fountain of sense; and as my talons lie in de military; I intend to buy de reg'ment—den I'll show dem, what de 'mericans can do, *(rises and imitates the salute of the pike with his cane)* “Safe bind, safe find!”—ha! brudder Hum?—I hab engag'd wid Mr. Trappick, and hab it from under his own hand, for a bill of exchange for ten thousand pound at sixty-five, at de rate of twenty-eight shilling de pistole, and gold dust at six pound de ounce.

Hum. It's very commendable, brother Raccoon, you have, to be sure, an excellent idea of honour and trade.

Rac. And beside all dis brudder Hum—I will build at my own expence, a comfitable hospital, for de reception of de poor penitent female prostitutes—observe dem myself, take care of de poor tings, and dey shall hab all I can gib dem.

Hum. *(Aside.)* What a libidinous old dog!—No doubt of it, brother Raccoon, it's highly meritorious! none so fit to endow and superintend so heaven-born an institution! as yourself; even Solomon, in all his glory

—with all his wisdom and experience in these matters, will be eclipsed by you;—excuse me, brother Raccoon, I almost envy your happiness!—What Bashaw! Grand Signior! or Sultan! will be equal to you?—or what Seraglio on earth, comparable to yours?—It will be a Paradise in reality, and in perfection! far exceeding the imaginary paradise of Mahomet! Oh! happy, happy man! But as I wou'd by no means, presume to direct one so well qualified and conversant in these delicate effeminate matters—yet, methinks, brother Raccoon, were you also to erect a foundling hospital, it would reflect additional lustre on your charity, fame, honor, and glory!

Rac. No, no! brudder Ham—I tink I hab done enough,—let Mr. Washball do dat.

Wash. No, no! I won't—I'll maintain no body's bastards but my own;—every body would laugh at me, and call me an old fool!—I'll not be pester'd with your brats, I warrant you!—I am far advanc'd in years, and have lost that sprightliness and activity, I possess in my youthful days.

Trow. No doubt of it, Mr. Washball, but you carry your age well.

Buck. Troth! an he does mon.

Wash. Aye, aye!—no matter—but I hope to do some good with my money too, I purpose to go to Spain—get myself made a Knight of the Golden-Fleece—then to London, and marry my niece to a nobleman—I've no ambition, not I, but to be call'd Mr. Sir John Washball, Esq. and have a coat of arms.

Truf. A night of the whapping-post, you mane—well, the devil a hare myself cares for a cote of arms, or, a cote of legs—by my fowl! but I'll buy myself a good pair of wuffed stockings, lin'd wid silk ones; and myself will bild a chappel, and help the poor pre ests, who

havn't a toothful to put in their mouts.—Augh! how I will like to see the poor French emigrants bawling at me?—"Charité pour l'amour de Dieu!" An the devil a baggar shall lave my howshe, widout a hungry bally! let me alone for that! And when I wou'd be after dying,—surely they'll call me Shaint Patrick, junior, and long life to you honey!

Hum. I applaud your pious resolutions, Mr. Trusthoop; your intentional charity and glorious designs, are certainly disinterested, and worthy of none but yourself!

Truf. The devil a word a lie in all that!

Parch. History cannot produce men of more liberal, generous, philanthropic, humane, christian, charitable, and patriotic sentiments, so truly characteristic of yourselves! Your names, gentlemen, will be handed down with eclat, to the remotest periods of eternity!—Temples—monuments—pillars—obelisks—statues—spires—bustos—and triumphal arches, will rise spontaneously over each of your graves, like so many phoenixes out of their own ashes, and defy the efforts of envy or malice to destroy them!—Nay, should even the old gentleman, Time! himself, that pertinacious destroyer of bodies attempt it, he would find himself (perhaps, for the first time) woefully disappointed.

Truf. Arra! fath! would be—that's true for you!

Hum. Depend upon it—volumes will swell in your praise—and I myself, (though vastly inferior to the task) will write an encomiastic on each of you, and have them printed in a folio-volume, neatly bound, gilt, and letter'd, as large as a church bible.

Rac. Do so, brudder Hum, we tank you for your kind intention.

Truf. None of that, fath! an I won'dn't suffer Co-

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liah, nor Phin M'Cool himself, to comb my head with a stick!

Quad. (Aside.) He! he! he! Surely you won't refuse the honor, Mr. Trusheep?

Truf. Fath! an there's no honor thereabouts, honey!

Parch. (Aside.) Hah! hah! hah! surprising y humorous.

Quad. (Aside.) He is so excessively witty and comical, tis almost impossible to do any business where he is.

Rat. Well, gentlemen,—have you seriously considered what you're going about?—Our warfare is not with the men of this world, we have to engage with principalities and powers of darkness, with invsibles, demons, and hobgoblins; far more powerful than the united legions of the most invincible monarchs on earth: therefore, the utmost exertion of your courage and every nerve, will be absolutely and indispensibly necessary.

Parch. The thoughts of those infernal shocks me so, I can scarcely help trembling!

Rac. I tink I hab courage enough!—

Hum. Not the least shadow of a doubt, brother Racoon, you have ever been super-eminently distinguished for your superior courage and military skill!

Quad. Aye, aye, you're a happy man! your courage is constitutional!

Wash. So it is—so it is—but for me—Oh dear! oh dear!

Buc. Hoot, mon! awa, awa! we a yere yealping, na mare o yere whigmeleeries! *(Sings.)*

SONG X.

'Tis money makes the coward brave,
An freedom gies to ev'ry slave,
My gude brod-sword, Ize soon displa',
An drive those warlocks far awa. *An drive, &c.*

Stan' ye a still an see how tight,
A Scotchman we the deel wull fight,
Ize toozle him e'en at my ease;
Drive imps and warlocks down the braes.

Drive imps, &c.

My life Ize lay to a Scotch bawbee,
Ize grup him faust ye soon sal see,
Rare sport, my lads, troth! soon Ize show,
What a bonny highland lad can do!

What a bonny, &c.

Be he the deel, or what he wull,
By Andra's-saint! he'll ha his full,
Quick 'boot his heed, my sword shall pla',
Mak 'im quut his legs, an' gangi awa,

Mak 'im quut, &c.

Wash. Excellent indeed! that song has inspired me
with a little courage.

Hum. I'm glad to hear it! I hope it will inspire us
all, and have the same effect as the *Marsellois'*-hymn!

Rat. Well, are you all furnished with tools?

Rac. I provide de pick-axe, de spade, and de spit,—
I left dem wid a friend, but I can soon get dem.

Rat. Now, gentlemen, let's fix on a watch-word,
whereby we may know each other in the dark.

Parch. Right, Sir! the papers inform us, the trea-
sure was carried up the creek, on board a canoe.

Wash. A very good watch-word! Mr. Parchment.

Parch. Then let it be canoe! as it has a reference
to the concealment of the treasure.

Hum. Be it so—I like the word well.

Buch. Troth! Ize na objection, sae we con under-
stand ane anither.

Trow. I like the word, it has a soft sound, and rea-
dily conveyed.

Truf. The devil a hare myself cares how it is, or
what it is; canoe! or bote! so we get the money!

SONG XI.

By Shain: Patrick, deer honey's, no longer let's stay,
 But take lave altogether an bundle away,
 To the plashe underground, where the trazure's expos'd;
 An bring that to light, which shall ne'er be disclos'd.
 An now we have got it, my jewels, ohone!
 For kaaping it snug—arra! let me alone!
 We'll sing Phillalew! at the sight of the pelf,
 An, as to the sharing—lave that to myself.

Arra! fale how I'll wurk, wid my peck an an spade,
 For sure I was nurs'd to the turf-cutting trade,
 In bright Tipperara an smiling Tyrone;
 An if you'll all help me, we'll all dig alone.
 Come, come then away, to the plashe we'll retrate,
 If the devil shou'd mate us, he'd surely get bate,
 I'll fassen my leg wid a pare of good brogues;
 An I'll follow afore, all the way my sweet rogues.

An now we have got it, we'll roar an we'll bawl,
 An sing, fath! like locusts in winter an fall,
 With shamrough in hat, deel a down will we lay;
 But dance all night long, on St. Patrick's day,
 The bagpipes shall fiddie Graamudgey gramagh,
 While we swill down Skolrankey an good usquebagh,
 When I wawk in the strate, I'll be led by a trupe;
 Coming after an crying,—“Long life to Trushoop!”

Hum. An excellent song 'pon my soul! well compos'd and well sung!

Quad. And well tim'd too! he! he! he!—Is it ont of your own composition, Mr. Trushoop?

Truf. Why you devil you!—do you tink now, an I'd sing any body's songs but my own!—by my fowl! now, an I'll chalenge the whole college of Dublin it's self, to fellow me the like of it!

Hum, Quadd. and Parak. Ha! ha! ha!

Rat. (Aside.) Hah! ha! ha!—a queer dog! an eccentric genius!—Well, gentlemen, at eleven o'clock we're to meet at the stone-bridge, near the mill;—it will not be prudent to go altogether, lest we be discover'd; whoever arrives there first, let him wait for the rest, and as they approach they must hail with the watch-word, canoe!—those within must answer with the same word; by observing this, we shall prevent mistakes and discovery.

Hum. Aye!—aye! the utmost care and circumspection are necessary, we can't be too cautious; the object we are pursuing is equal to one whole year's revenue of the United States!

Truf. Fath! and I'll hollow canew! an canew! all night long in the morning, if you please.

Rat. Unless you're determin'd to follow implicitly my directions, when we come to action, 'twill be in vain to proceed.

Wash. I'll do nothing but what you order, Mr. Rattletrap, indeed I won't! the spirits won't hurt us, I hope?

Rat. Don't be afraid—take no rash steps—follow my directions, and not a hair of your heads shall be injured! Now, gentlemen, 'tis time to close, 'tis needless to say any more, now the plan's settled. Remember eleven o'clock, at the stone-bridge, each of you repair home, and bring all your tools with you, we'll break up for the present, I'll away home, and put on my magic habit—otherwise, I shall have no power over the invisibles!

Rat. I'll go and get de tools, and bring a little refreshment wid me.

Truf. Fath! an I'll fetch my gauging-rod, an all the tools in the shop, if you want um, betaze why—I'll have no 'cation to uze um after this, honey!

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Buc. Ize feetch my Andra we me, an then Ize fece the deel himse! gin lie appear.

Quad. And I'll bring the instruments with me, they are all in excellent order, and well prepared.

Rat. Now gentlemen, let's go with good hearts, there's nothing like putting a good face on these matters. If you'll bear chorus, I'll sing you a song before we set off. Come, fill your glasses.

All, say, With all my heart! [*They fill their glasses.*]

SONG XII.

The merchant roams from climes to climes,
 Regardless of his pleasure,
 To hardships and fatigue resigns,
 When in pursuit of treasure.

Chorus—And a digging, &c.

See now the lucky hour it comes,
 With pick-axe and with spade,
 A little digging,—oh! my sons,
 And then our fortune's made! *Chorus.*

Let's holdly venture on the ground!
 And seize the glorious chest,
 No joy on earth like gold is found,
 To ease the human breast! *Chorus.*

[*All drink, Huzza, and Exit.*]

SCENE III. A Room in Trusboop's House.

(*Enter Mrs. TRUSBOOP in haste.*)

Mrs. Truf. Dolly!—Dolly!—

Dolly. Ma'am!

Mrs. Truf. Come hither, girl!—quick! quick!

Dolly. Coming, Ma'am.—(*Aside.*) What the'dence is the matter now?—sure the house is on fire!

Mr. Truf. Why Doll! I say—

(*Enter DOLLY, running and looking affrighted.*)

Dolly. Here, ma'am.

Mrs. Truf. How long you stay, hussy?—a body must split their throats afore you cum—go your ways, an put on the tay-kittel, quick! make haste girl! do you hare?

Dolly. Yes ma'am—(*Aside.*)—Is that all? [*Exit Dolly.*]

Mrs. Truf. How she stands?—Gaping—I seem in a flutter—my heart sales as light as a fodder,—I don't know what ailes me—poor Trushoop! an I wonder what he'll think, when I tell him all poor devil! an why didn't he tell me himself then? an I shou'dn't have scowlded him, an bate him, an starved him so; but sure, an its his own fault, but I'll soon make it up with him, Dolly! I say.

Dolly. Ma'am!

Mrs. Truf. Does the kittle bile?—you're a plaguey while about it.

Dolly. Just now, ma'am. (*Aside.*) Plague on yourself! you're in a devil of a hurry, I think!—won't give one time to blow the fire, and just come from stuffing herself at Mrs. Trowell's, and not satisfied; I'll warrant her, she's drank twenty dishes of tea, and eat half a coid of toast and butter!—I hate such gormandizing devils!

Mrs. Truf. It seems ev'ry minnet was an hour with me, I sale vary comical—well, it will be over bye an bye, an fath! an I'll have a better carpet than Mrs. Trowell's, an all these ould fashion chairs, an tables, an luckin-glasses.—I'll pack to the vandue, an I'll buy good Moll-Hoggeny ones—plate, china, an ev'ry thing else, shall be of the newest taste an highest cut, an why shou'dn't it? sure an I can afford it now? Augh! an good luck to 'um, I say.—Dolly, now an what are you about?

Dolly. Blowing the fire, ma'am. (*Aside.*) What the devil do you think?

Mrs. Truf. Why now! an how long will you blow it?

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Dolly. 'Till it boils, ma'am.—(*Aside.*) To be sure.

Mrs. Truf. Why don't you cum then you poking toad you!

Dolly. Coming Ma'am. (*aside.*) I believe in my soul! she's got the influenza, or the ravenous fever, or something!

Mrs. Truf. Well, an that self same Mrs. Trowell, is a Jewel of a woman,—what patience she has; an I wish I had half so much; but fath! an I never will—An why don't you come, you stomakin, with the tay-kittel & bring it along, I say!

Dolly. Yes, ma'am! I'm coming. (*Aside.*) Curse the kettle, it will never boil, I can't make it boil for my soul! smoaking my eyes out, and be bother'd so, I sweat! I'll plague myself no longer about it, she shall have it as it is, boil or not boil, the devil a bit I care!

Mrs. Truf. Well cum away then, you poking toad you!

Dolly. (*aside.*) O! hold your jaw! you brimstone devil!—Coming ma'am!

(*Enter DOLLY, with the tea-kettle.*)

Mrs. Truf. An dis it bile now?

Dolly. Yes, ma'am, over and over again.

Mrs. Truf. Curse you, an what made you so long then?

Dolly. To make it boil well, ma'am.

Mrs. Truf. Set it down, how you stand gaping? an go your ways over to the shap, and give my complisance to your master, an tell him to cum over, I want to spake till him immediately, while I make a bowl of punch, your master loves punch; (*Aside.*) an rath! an I don't like it verry badly nather. Pull up, my girl!

Dolly. Yes, ma'am. (*Aside.*) Hitey titey, and what's all this going on? some fun, I believe in my soul! Hah! hah! hah!—Oh! goudee, goudee oh! we shall see presently.

[*Exit DOLLY.*]

Mrs. Truf. Well indeed I an I believe it's true enuff, an I have dram't it, or read it in some ould almanac somewhere, that "there is great joy over one sinner that rapanteth." Troth! an I'm shure an I rapant of of starving him so, an poor Trufhoop will have grate joy now, when he knows what I'm going about to do for him, poor sowl! an he must be very hungry, so he must, not a drop has he ate in my house, this six days to cum, an indeed, an indeed, he is one of the best husbands I ever see! [Exit.]

SCENE IV. A Room in Moll Placket's House.

(Enter TOFINLIFT, meeting MOLL PLACKET.)

Top. What cheer, Moll? let's taste your head, (*Kisses her.*) How stands the wind? is the coast clear? no danger of the enemy?

Plack. No, no, he has no certain time of coming, except after church on Sundays; and then he never fails, if the old fellow succeeds in this night's enterprise, I'll make your fortune for you, my boy!

Top. Why! what the devil has Raccoon spied now? is there a galloon in chase? or, is he going to turn pirate?

Plack. No, no, but he may thank the pirates for it!

Top. How, how Moll? tell me, you little dear dog you, (*Chuckling her under the chin.*)

Plack. I tell you indeed!—a body wou'd—well, can you keep a secret then?

Top. Aye! can I, as snug as a Free-mason; If ever I blow you, blast me! you know me better: if one word goes through my head rails, the devil blow me to Halifax, or Botany-Bay.—Aye Moll! the next hurricane blow me off the main-top-gallant-yard! three leagues afern, and be swallow'd up like Jonathan swallow'd the whale! That's enough! and now I'll kiss the book on it. (*Kisses her.*)

50 THE DISAPPOINTMENT; OR,

Pluck. Well, come, I'll tell you—You must know, that Mr. Hum has got a letter, and a heap of papers, from his sister-in-law in England, giving an account, where there's a vast deal of money, that was formerly buried by the pirates!

Top. Money! buried by the pirates? the devil!—aye Moll, that's true! I've often heard that Blackbeard hid his money, somewhere by the river's side; but how the devil came she by the papers?

Pluck. Why you fool!—she's Captain Blackbeard's great-grand-daughter, and they were preserved in the family till they were sent to Mr. Hum, and you know Raccoon is a Free-mason too, so he is to assist him, and they are to go shares.

Top. But how do you know that Hum's a Free-mason?

Pluck. Why he told me so, and they always call one another brother, and they keep this business as secret as their masonry, but I wheedled Raccoon out of it, in spite of all his cunning.

Top. By heav'n's! I shou'dn't like him on board the Europa!—he'd make a damn'd fist in the Killcrasky trade—he'd throw out a signal, and the custom-house officers wou'd soon bear down on us—away goes ship and cargo by the mast—by the Lord Harry, he'd soon make beggars of my owners—But tell us, Moll, how the devil did you pump it out of him?

Pluck. That's none of your business, sauce-box—women like me, have always a lure to catch the men's secrets!

Top. True Moll—but we'll talk further on this subject another time, this sort of chit-chat keeps us at long shot, let's step into the state-room, you know the old saying, "Time and tide waits for no one."

Pluck. Softly!—don't be too hasty, let's make the door fast first. (*She locks the door.*) Though I love your

THE FORCE OF CREDULITY. 51

little finger better than Raccoon's whole body; yet I must keep in with him.

Top. Aye! that's true Moll—I should be loth to quarrel with an owner, because he did not understand navigation!

Plack. You know he maintains me, (after some sort) finds me a house to live in, fathers all my children, and a husband can do no more.

Top. Right, Moll! now we're all safe, the batches all secur'd.

[Sings.]

SONG XIII.

No girl with Placket can compare,
She is so charming, sweet, and fair!
Such rosy cheeks, and nut-brown hair!
There's none like Molly Placket.

When'ere from sea I do return,
I for my Placket singe and burn,
Good luck, Raccoon, 'tis now my turn,
Come, come my lovely Placket.

Come Moll, now I'll try what the clues of your hammock are made of.

(*As they walk towards the upper part of the stage, a scene opens, and discovers a bed, table, and two bottles on it, with a broken glass over one, and a candle stuck in the other.—A knocking at the door.*)

Top. Zounds! what's this? the devil has ow'd me a spite this long time, and now he has brought the enemy upon me, now I'm land lock'd!

Plack. Who's there?—who's there?

Rac. (*Without.*) It's only me, my liddle dear pet—open de door.

Plack. (*Aside.*) Oh! curse his head!—Pet's a coming! Pet's a coming, dear Cooney!

52 THE DISAPPOINTMENT; OR,

Top. Where the devil shall I stow myself? by the Lord Harry!—there's no dropping aftern here.

Plack. Creep under the bed, and your as safe as a thief in a synagogue!

Top. Aye, Moll! down the fore-scuttle, or, any port in a storm, damme!

[Topinlist goes under the bed, and she opens the door.]

(Enter RACCOON.)

Plack. What brings my dear Cooney back so soon? no misfortune, I hope.

Rac. No, no; no misfortune, only I left sum tings under de bed.

Plack. *(Aside.)* Curse your contrivance, now I'm blown. What things, my dear Cooney, did you leave there? *(Aside.)* Oh! invention! thou darling genius of my sex, assist me, or I'm ruin'd!

Rac. Nutting, my dear pet, but de spade, de pick-axe, and de spit. But, what makes you look so surpris'd! child?

Plac. Why, I was afraid you'd catch me, and indeed you had like to have done so, *(affects a laugh.)* He! he! he!

Rac. Seech what? seech how? What de debil do you mean by seech? Dad! I begin to tink it isn't all lies dat I hear about you, Mrs. Placket, tell me this instant who you hab wid you, or I'll shake you like de debil! *(He shakes her, and she bawls.)* What de debil, you tink to impose npon me, wid you he! he! he! I'll know de trute afore I done, hussy!

Plac. Oh! my dear Cooney!—do let me go, and I'll tell you the truth—indeed I will.

Top. *(Peeping.)* Oh! the brimstone whore!—I wish I was on board the Europa!

Rac. Well, come den—confine yourself to de trute, hussy!

Top. (Peeping.) By the Lord Harry! the storm gathers, we shall have foul weather soon—I must bowse taught my rolling-tackles!

Plack. Lord Sir! I'm afraid to tell you—you look so angry—I'll tell you in the morning, when your passion's over.

Rac. I'll know it instantly, you vile strumpet you—or I'll shake you to atoms. (*Shakes her again, and she howls.*)

Top. (Peeping.) It comes thicker and faster,—here's a damn'd sink of bidge-water along-side.

Plack. I'll tell you all—if you'll let me go.

Rac. Tell den hussey! dis minnet!

Top. (Peeping.) Avast! there—belay that, I must out tomkins, and prepare for a broadside—damme.

Plack. Look at this book. (*Gives him a Dutch almanac.*)

Top. (Peeping.) No near! steady there!

Rac. What of dat?—why it's High Dutch.

Plack. Can't you read it?

Rac. No—not I.

Plack. (Aside.) I'm glad of it!—Why then, you must know, when I was about fifteen years of age, I lived at Germantown with my uncle, a high German Doctor, who could tell fortunes, find stolen goods, discover hidden treasure, lay spirits, and raise the devil. And his whole art is contained in this little book.

Top. (Peeping.) By the Lord! she steers well thro' the breakers, I was dam'd afraid she had sprung a leak; he pump'd her so hellishly!

Rac. You don't say so, pet?

Plack. But I do!—you shall hear—I'd just taken the book in my hand, and raised a familiar spirit, to enquire of him if you'd succeed in your undertaking, and he had just risen thro' the floor, when you knock'd at the door.

54 THE DISAPPOINTMENT; OR,

Rac. (*Starts and trembles.*) I declare you surprise me! let me get de rings, and I'll go.

Plack. You must not yet, 'tis as much as your life is worth, to touch any thing before I have laid him.

Top. (*Aside.*) By my soul she acts her part well; she'd out-face truth, and out-brazen the devil! a girl after my own heart, damme.

Rac. Can you lay him den?—my dear pet.

Plack. Why yes!—I've rais'd and laid five hundred in my time.

Top. (*Aside.*) That's true enough, my girl! but I'll secure the spirit for fear of the work.

Rac. Oh! my dear pet, do lay him den.

Plack. Have you courage enough to see him, dear Cooney?

Rac. No, no, no, no!—dear pet.

Plack. But there no avoiding it now, you'll see him only in part.

Rac. Oh! oh! oh! (*Trembling*) I wish he was gone!

Plack. (*Places Raccoon's back towards the bed.*) Stand you here; don't stir an inch, bend your head a little that way, you may shut your eyes—he's visible, but don't be afraid, he can't hurt you. (*She beckons to Topinlist, he comes from under the bed, she meets him and puts an old blue petticoat over his head and shoulders, and reads.*) Dunder unt wetter schleemer boont, ein blixum kindt, risum tenalis amisse. (*Topinlist whispers Raccoon, drops the spirit, and runs off.*)

Rac. (*Looking frighten'd.*) Mercy on me, here am I! Oh! oh!

Plack. Get up, dear Cooney!—Did you see him?—you can't hurt I hope, my dear!—let me help you up! (*She raises him.*) don't be frighten'd, he'll trouble you no more, he's a thousand leagues off by this time. (*She applies a smelling bottle to his nose, he starts.*)

Rac. Oh! my dear pet! I—I—hebber was so frighten'd in all my life; in the game? vol. 1 M.

Plack. Aye, far enough—didn't you see him go?

Rac. I hab de glimp of him as he good by, I tought he did carry away de corner of de house wid him. Oh! oh!

Plack. (Runs to the bottle, and brings him a dram.) Drink this, dear Cooney, and you'll soon recover your spirits.

Rac. (Stumbling, drinks.) Oh! I was't not afraid, and only—

Plack. Courage man!—you'll see ten times more before morning.

Rac. I tink he look like de sailer.

Plack. Yes!—why he's the apparition of one of Blackbeard's crew, and as a confirmation that you'll obtain the treasure, he threw, that spit on the floor as he went off.

Rac. (Takes up the spit.) Why dis is de berry spit dat I put under de bed!

Plack. So much the better, it was a signal to be gone.

Rac. Well, I get de pick-ax and de spade, and den I'll go, but I must have dis liddle book to show Mr. Rattletrap.

Plack. No, no—it's High Dutch, he can't read it. (Takes it from him.)

Rac. (Goes to the bed and takes the pick-axe and spade.) Now one buss, my dear pet, and den—

(Kisses her and sings.)

SONG. XXV.

Oh! when I get de welt,
Dat's buried by de mill,
Enjoy long life an hell,
An pleasure at my will.

56 THE DISAPPOINTMENT; OR,

What store of gold I'll bring,
My lovely pet to dec,
Den none but my poor ting
Shall share de same wid me. [Exit Raccoon.

Plac. Well,—it's an old saying, and I think a true one:—When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window. Really I have experienced the truth of it lately, and hadn't it been for Popinlist, and a few transient friends, I shou'd have been in a poor situation; for I'm sure Raccoon's nothing belonging to him that can please me but his money, and I see very little of that. He promises mountains of gold but I fancy he'll be deceived as well as myself! I'll trust no longer to bare promises, when a woman finds herself deceived, and deprived of most of the comforts of life, she has it always in her power, and she must be a fool, if she don't take her revenge in a way the most pleasing to herself. [Sings.

SONG XV.

Sure gold is the fuel that kindles the fire,
And serves for to fan up a woman's desire;
To a fumbling fool that's decrepid and old;
For in all scenes of life, from the great to the little,
The bench, bar and pulpit, it suits to a tittle;
You're surely condemn'd, if you hav'n't the gold.
But if you have money, ne'er mind what your cause is,
But tickle their palms and you'll gain their applauses;
No statesman so great, so cunning, and bold,
But will truckle to you, for the sake of your gold;
And shou'd you lack that—you are certainly sold. }
But hang this disappointment!

Let women of bus'ness take care of their men,
If one won't suffice them—why, let them have ten.

[Exit.

SCENE V. A Room at Mrs. Trusloop's.

Mrs. Truf. Here he cums!—poor fowl!—how magre he looks! I vow to St. Patrick! an I pity him!

(*Enter TRUSHOOP and DOLLY.*)

(*Mrs. TRUSHOOP meeting him with a bowl of punch.*)

Truf. And was you after wanting me, my deer?

Mrs. Truf. To be sure an I was, honey, an hares to you my jewel, and susses to your undertakins, dare I.
(*Drinks.*)

Truf. I thank you kindly, my deer!—but I don't know what you mane!

Mrs. Truf. Never mind! drink hearty! (*Drinks.*) Take anudder pull at it, dare! (*Drinks again.*) Shure! an it's vary good punch.

Truf. By my fowl!—and it is so, it drinks for all the world like nectar-ambrosial! so it does.

Mrs. Truf. Cum give me one of your swate ould fashion kisses, dare! (*Kisses him.*) troth, an it seems like ould times now, just for all the world—let me take off your aporn, honey, for shure an you'll have no more 'casion for it after this. (*She takes off his aporn and throws it from her.*)

Truf. Why now, deer!—an what do you mane?

Mrs. Truf. Never mind, sit down, honey! sure an you must be vary hungry?

Truf. Indeed, and I am! so!

Mrs. Truf. Poor fowl!—Dolly cum hither child.

Dolly. Here! ma'am.

Mrs. Truf. Here, my good child, take the kays an the big market basket, an go your ways an open the pantry, an fetch up them two cowl roast ducks,—

Dolly. Yes, ma'am!

Mrs. Truf. An the capers—

Dolly. Yes, ma'am!

58 THE DISAPPOINTMENT; OR,

Mrs. Truf. An the anchovies, an the gammon—

Dolly. Yes, ma'am! (Going.)

Truf. (Aside, looking surpris'd.) By my sew! this looks well on our side!

Mrs. Truf. Come hither girl! an your going without half your arrant; an the packeld sammon, an the horse-raddish, an the cowl roast-beef—

Dolly. Yes, ma'am. (Going.)

Truf. (Aside.) Augh hoogh! better and better.

Mrs. Truf. Stop, girl! I say—don't be in such a hurry, an the kagg of lobsters, the packeld feeters, an the swate-oyl, you know your maaster loves oyl, an it's vary haling to the belly.—

Dolly. (Smiling aside.) Yes, ma'am—any thing else?

Mrs. Truf. Why yes, hussy! the jarr of olives—the Chaster chaze—the nates-tung, the fons'd rock, the potted pigeons, the apple-pie, the cowl potatoes, the whadkey-jugg, an a hunder'd things more, but do that first.

Dolly. (Smiling aside.) Why ma'am! this big basket won't hold the half of them!

Mrs. Truf. Why then, go an fetch the t'other big basket, you fool you! have you no contraption?

Dolly. (Going and laughing aside.) Hah! hah! hah! Well, I wonder what all this means? for this week past she's been starving him, and now she's going to cram him like a stuff'd turkey! I believe in my conscience, she's light-headed! [Exit Dolly.]

Truf. Blessings on you, dear! but you're too good. Why now, when you are good, why then you are too good!

Mrs. Truf. No indeed! an indeed! an I an't, I can't be good enuff—hah! an you deserve it all an more too.—Shall I send for some sallages an eggs? an will

you have a nice spare-rib broyl'd, with some apple sauce, honey?

Truf. Noisath, deer! I think in my conscience and heres enuff! why now, if I was an allphant, I cou'dn't ate the half of it? so I cou'd!

Mrs. Truf. Shure, but you must be vary hungry?

Truf. Fath! an I am so and more too, but I mustn't make a beast of myse'f for all that! you know, deer! (*Enter DOLLY, with the two big market baskets heaped up.*)

Mrs. Truf. An have you forgot ev'ry thing, girl?

Dolly. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Truf. Why then fetch them in the parler, an lay the damask table cloth on the big table girl, an set it off han'some an nate, your maafter shall sup in the parler, so he shall; an when your done all that, why, go your ways presently, (not just now) an warm my bed vary well, an sprad the curtains, do you hare, I say?

Dolly. Yes, ma'am.

[*Exit Dolly.*]

Truf. Indeed, my deer! and I'm vary sorry, you give yourself a grate dale of trubble for me!

Mrs. Truf. No, indeed honey, an I do no!—an you know I was always plaz'd to see you ate harty.

Truf. Yes, my deer—but I forgot it lately!

Mrs. Truf. Well! never mind it dare, I wish you good luck in your undertakins.

Truf. I thank you my deer,—but what wou'd you be after now?

Mrs. Truf. Aagh, fath!—the trazure, to be shure!

Truf. What trazure?

Mrs. Truf. Cum—cum, don't think to kape it a sacret from me—shure an I know all about it now!

Truf. About what pray?

Mrs. Truf. Hav'n't I towld you now?

Truf. (*Aside.*) By my sew! and we're all ruin'd, some traytor has blow'd us! Some nonsense in your head.

60 THE DISAPPOINTMENT; OR,

Mrs. Truf. Fath! an it isn't nonsense though—shore an Mrs. Trowell towld me all about it—as how you are going to dig for trazure, an a graite dale more—

Truf. And how does Mrs. Trowell know?

Mrs. Truf. Fath! an vary well, shore an Trowell towld her all about it.

Truf. Augh! the book-sworn? oath-breaking dog! oh! the traitor! oh! the Judas! Augh! and Trowell and you must do grait pannance for all this. Well, thank God! and I'm not book-sworn!

Mrs. Truf. No, my dare, no more you arn't; cum, never mind honey, let's go into supper.

Truf. I'll follow, deer. (*Aside.*) Augh! the subber-degullion dog! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. A Room.

(*Enter DOLLY, with a warming pan, and TERRANCE meeting her.*)

Dolly. Oh! Terrance—I'm glad you're come! he! he! he!

Ter. I suppose so! you want me to fetch a bucket of vater, an then kiss you? don't you? say? (*Chuckling her under the chin.—Kisses her.*)

Dolly. No faith! I don't—but here's the devil to pay! he! he! you never saw the like in all your born days!

Ter. What?—what the devil is it?—

Dolly. Why you must go and fetch the priest! he! he! master and mistress has made it up, and they're going to be married over again!

Ter. Hoot! the girl tawks like a fool!

Dolly. No faith! I don't, the wedding supper's on the table, and she's going to make him eat our two great big market baskets full, all up at once, and faith! I don't know but the baskets in the bargain he! he!

Ter. By my fowl! Dolly but I believe your'e crazy!
—or

Dolly. No, I an't!—you fool!—but you can't think, how kind she has been to him, kissing and snobbering his chops about, like all the world—and the Lord! knows what, and treating him with punch—but I watch'd her, and she took care to have the largest share to herself.

Ter. Faith!—but I believe an you had a large share too, by your tawk.

Dolly. No—the devil a drop I got of it!

Ter. Then your'e humbugging me, arn't you now Dolly?

Dolly. No, I an't 'pon honor!—only peep thro' the key-hole, and see what an elegant variety there is, for the wedding supper!

Ter. Hoot you fool!

Dolly. Peep thro' here!—can't you?

Ter. (*Peeps.*) Oh! Jafus!—a grate faste by my fowl!—shire enuff!—why there's enuff for the howl Kon-grafs!—an nobody to ate it! the divil burn me!—but I'll have sum of it!—if they don't ate it all! but what the divil's all this for? say Dolly?

Dolly. The Lord above knows!—I swear! I don't, no more than a horse!—if I did, I would tell you indeed, Terrance.—We shall know more about it to-morrow, I think.

Ter. The forerunner of anudder dam'd quarrel!

Dolly. The devil may care for me!

Ter. An me too—but sare Dolly, an you can tell us a little more, about the maning of it?

Dolly. No faith! I can't—only mistress went over the way this evening, to drink tea with Mrs. Trowell, and presently after, she came running home, quite out of breath, and bawl'd out, like a mad cow, bawling for her calf!—Dolly!—Dolly! three or four times,

(I thought the house had been on fire!—or some devilish thing, or, other) and ordered me to put on the tea-kettle, in all haste—and Oh! how she bothered me, she wanted it to boil, before the fire was made,—Lord! how vex'd I was—I could have cut her throat!—“does it boil?—does it boil?—make haste girl!—how long you stay?—what are you poking about?”—*(mimicking her)* and called me baggage, and trollop, and a hundred bad names, you never heard such a Billingsgate!—I never was so curiously vexed, and blinded with smoke, in all my life,—and was obliged at last to bring in the tea-kettle as it was, and the devil a boil it boil'd, no more than when I first put it on the fire—so I don't care!

Ter. An serve her rite too—the owl'd Jazzebel!

Dolly. But the beauty of it was, Terrance,—she made me take the two big market baskets, and go down into the cellar, and fetch up every thing there, for master to eat and drink, (faith! I almost broke my back with them, they were so heavy)—and call him out of the shop?—Oh! you never see such a fiddling as she made!

Ter. I'll warrant the Brimstone made noyse enuff! faith! an she's no slouch at that! let's have anudder peep at um—Augh hoogh! an how he tares away at the roast ducks?

Dolly. I don't at all wonder at it—he's almost starv'd!

Ter. By my fowl!—but this is a queer sort of a revelushin—there's something brewing, Dolly! take my word for it, but what are you after wid the wharming-pan?

Dolly. Why you fool!—what do you think, when people's married? why they're going to bed together after supper, and she ordered me to warm it.

Ter. Worse an worse—by my fowl!—but there'll be a grate earthquake to-night! I expect—but you shut you, why you hav'n't been up yet to warm it, an the pans quite cowl'd.

Dolly. Faith! I don't care! then let 'em lye the closer, and warm it themselves.

Ter. Hah! bah! hah!—(*A noise in the parlour, like moving of chairs.*)

Dolly. Oh! gracious—they're coming to bed!—Run Terrance! don't let 'em see you for all the world!—hide yourself in the cow-stable, and when they're gone to bed, we'll partake of the wedding feast.

Ter. That's rite Dolly—I'm divilish hungry and dry too!

Dolly. I wont forget you, fly you devil!—fly! they are here.

[*Exit Terrance.*]

(*Enter MR. and MRS. TRUSMOOP, with a candle, meeting DOLLY.*)

Mrs. Truf. An have you now, warm'd the bed well girl?

Dolly. Yes ma'am, very well.

Mrs. Truf. And sprad the Kurtins?

Dolly. Yes ma'am.

Mrs. Truf. Then go your ways, an clare the table, an put out the fire, and lock the dure, an go your ways bed.

Dolly. Yes ma'am.

Mrs. Truf. Where's Terrance?

Dolly. Gone to bed ma'am.

Mrs. Truf. How long first?

Dolly. Two hours ago ma'am.

Mrs. Truf. How cum that?

Dolly. He said he was sleepy ma'am.

Mrs. Truf. Vary well, go your ways.

Dolly. Yes ma'am, (*Aside*) blatherum, lolling out her tongue and

[*Exeunt.*]

64 THE DISAPPOINTMENT; OR,

A C T III. S C E N E I. *The place of action, near the Mill and Stone-bridge.*

(Scene opens and discovers RATTLETRAP dress'd in his magic habit, with a dark lanthorn and candle, QUADRANT, with a magnet, rod, and wand, &c. &c. &c. an old iron bound chest, and SPITFIRE, with a copper figure, representing the head and shoulders of BLACKBEARD.)

Rat. Well done Spitfire! the hole I see is made.

Spit. Yes—yes—I've not been idle, since you left me.

Quad. *(Aside)* He's the very plan of a fellow!

Rat. *(Aside)* Not his fellow to be found—He has performed wonders!—But we must lose no time, *(looks at his watch)* 'tis near eleven o'clock. *(They poke in the chest, stones, brickbats, broken bottles, and two or three rusty looking pieces of silver.)*

Quad. Come! come! let's bury it at once. *(All assist, and bury the chest.)*

Rat. *(To Spitfire)* Now we've nothing more to do, at present, than to see you descend into your subterranity—step down!—step down! and mind when I give the signal, throw fire-balls, and when they come to a sight of the chest, push up the figure, and act as I have before directed you—Now be sure you act the devil, as if you were going to deceive the devil himself, and we'll reward you devilishly well.

Spit. And the devil take me if I don't! *(Spitfire goes down the hole, and takes the figure, lanthorn, and candle with him.)*

Quad. Now every thing is ready to receive them, and if our devil plays his part well—I think, we shall have a devilish merry night of it. He! he! he!—egad here's some of 'em coming! *(They halloo without, Canoe! Canoe! those within answer, Canoe! Canoe!)*

(Enter HUM and PARCHMENT.)

Rat. Where are the mud-mongers?

Parch. They're just at hand, we heard them, as we came down the hill. (*Different voices without hallowing Canoe! Canoe! Canoe! Canoe! &c. those within answering Canoe! &c.*)

(Enter WASHBALL, TRUSHOOP, BUCKRAM, RACCOON and TROWELL, with pick-axes, spades, shovels, spit, and ANDRA FERRARA shouldered.)

Wash. I tore my shins unaccountably, coming thro' the briers!

Truf. Fath! and I tumbled up the hill, 'till I got my futt in the boggs, and if I hadn't held fast by the vater, I'd be drown'd.

Hum and Quad. Hah! Hah! he! he!

Rac. Don't mind, gentlemen, what is de tore skin, or de cold foot, compar'd wid de prospect of dese riches?

Buck. By me saul! mon—and I chearg'd mesel we twa bottles to leehten me nawse, and thats a bonny goede in a dark neeght, and for fear o meeting we ony skoondrels, Ize fetch'd me Andra we me, as gude stiff as e're wa made in a scotland!

Rat. Well gentlemen, I see we're all here, don't let us waste time, let's be serious; keep silence! by the calculation I made this morning, by the Satellites, the treasure must be near this place, (*He takes an observation, and works his magnetic-hazel-rod*), the magnet works this way——

Rac. I tought so.

Truf. Lave off your botheration!

Rat. Pray be silent! it draws excessive strong this way. I feel myself interrupted by invisibles! I can scarcely keep the rod in my hands, there! now I have it! it draws this way!

Rac. Dis is de berry place, gentlemen!

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Truf. And can't you now be azezy, and howl'd your tung? you fool! you know nothing about it.

Wash. Oh! dear! what interruptions?

Rat. Not a word! not a word! pray be silent! I'm near the place, the rod points to this spot—I'm near the centre, I know the rod to be true, I've tried its virtue, 'twas cut on All-hallows eve, at 12 o'clock at night, with my back to the moon, and the mercury injected while the sap was running.

Truf. (Aside) By the holy stone! but I believe, he was born in the moon!

Rat. (Draws a large circle with his wand, and says) *Dia-*
paculum interrave, tenebrossitas stravaganza! (*Goes*
round the circle, and sticks twelve pieces of iron-wire in the
Periphery; each piece having a bit of paper cut out in the form
of a star on its head—as he sticks them down, he names the
twelve signs of the Zodiac.) Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Can-
cer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagitarius, Capriconi-
us, Aquarius, Pisces, make no noise else you'll dis-
turb Jupiter, who is the most wakeful planet, and is
now in his first sleep. (*He puts on a large pair of spectacles*)
Let me see! its now 12 o'clock, Jupiter in a sound sleep,
a good omen! (*He calls* WASHBALL, TRUSHOOP, BUCK-
RAN, RACCOON, and TROWELL.) Take off your coats
and jackets, (*they pull them off*) now stand within the cir-
cle, (*he places* HUM, QUADRANT, and PARCHMENT,
without the circle, at different posts, and says) now keep a
good look out, Canoe's the word, so don't forget it.

Truf. (Aside) The devil a forget, myself will forget!
fath! and I will sooner forget my prayers!

Rat. Now run down the spit and try this place—Mr.
Washball.

Wash. (Thrusts down the spit, and says) Oh dear! it's very
soft and slushey.

Rat. Never mind! the better digging,—try it again,
I know its the identical spot!

Wash. Softer and softer, I feel it! I feel it! it strikes against something!

Rat. Then fall too all hands, and dig, and when the watch-word is given, fall flat on the ground. (*They dig, he views the stars*) now the Dragons head and the Scorpion's tail are in conjunction. Castor's in the wane, Procyon is stationary, but Sagitarius seems obnubilated, and fast approaching to a state of obtusebration! hah! I don't like that! it rather looks inauspicious and portentous of ill!—but Syrius's right foot——

Parch. (*Without*) Canoe! (*They answer Canoe! and fall down within the circle. A fiddle is heard at a distance, playing badly.*)

Rat. Inferno atum, gastro fagnum!—Rise and go on! 'twas nothing but a blind drunken fidler, and some company returning from Batchelors-hall.

Truf. By my fowl! now, and I've made a swate packle of my self, all over full of mud! Augh! and I had the spawlpene here an I'd give him two or three handfulls of bothers wid my she'laley, so I wou'd'nt.

Buck. Deel tak me mon! but I dinna leke this, 'tis a foul drumlie pleece, gin I a wa we him, I'ze claw the tyke a wee bit, and brok his damn'd feedle!

Wash. Ah me!

Rat. Not a word gentlemen! proceed, (*they dig*) but Syrius's right foot, over Orion's left shoulder, looks well, and the Swan's tail near the Hydra's heart, has a promising appearance. (*One fire-ball, the diggers frighten'd, and attempt to run out of the circle.*) Don't stir an inch! if you break the mounds, I've no power!—dig! dig! Conjabetima, morentium habavo, omnibusque contubernaliū! and this leap-year is not unfavorable. (*Another fire-ball, with a roaring below, at which they are terrified.*)

Truf. (*Aside.*) Augh! how my hart bates!

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Wah. Come near Mr. Rattletrap! Oh! dear! Oh! dear! I shall faint!

Trow. I'd give all my share, I had never come! mercy on me!

Rat. Oh! Oh!—I wish I was at home, I neebber wou'd come again!

Buck. Hoot! canna ye a be queeit?

Rat. Never fear! I'll protect you!—Hobonds cum verigos, omne croxibus influvientum! dig! dig! (*viewing the stars*) but yet certain appearances, puts me to a stand, baffles my utmost skill, and indicates an infernal opposition! I'll try my Omphaloptic glass. Aye! now I discover the cause of the opposition! I now distinctly perceive, thro' a boundless radiant aperture, the tail of a huge Comet! like a monstrous, overgrown ram-cat, with his hind legs, kicking and scratching the Planets and Stars about, as tho' they were marbles or snow-balls! strange Phenomenon! a glorious opportunity this would be, for a young divine, to study Astro-Theology! one peep thro' this, wou'd instantaneously and eternally silence, the whole host of Sceptics!

“Fierce meteors shoot their arbitrary light

And Comets march with lawless horrors bright!”

Hunn. (*Without*) Canoe! (*All answer Canoe! and fall down.*)

Rat. Metantaborabulum, exultissimo ccabulum mongrabo! Rise! it was nothing but an old cow passing along! go on! (*All rise and dig.*)

Buck. Damn the Hawkie for a derty beech! wha the deel does she want here? does she tak us for Bulls an be damn'd to her?

Truf. Arra deer! and how my wife will scowld, when I fetch her the money, for spileing my new brogues.

Rat. Sagitarius is now clear, and the Orb of the

Moon, is in contact with Jupiter, good! Sextile in conjunction with Quartile right! (*He waves his wand*) Saturn is a metallic planet, and tho' in common the most dull, is now perfectly pellucid, and out shines even Venus herself! this is the best sign of all! (*Another fire-ball, a roaring below.*)

Wash. Oh! dear! Oh dear!

Rac. Oh! Oh! Oh!—what shall I do?

Trow. Defend us! defend us!—Mr. Rattletrap!—Oh!—

Rat. These invisibles will disturb you a while, now your just upon it. Conjunction, oppositorium, placabulum fomoso!—Dig away! Arcturus now appears, Constellatione planetarium! Venus is now the morning star, and is eclipsed four digits. (*Two or three fire-balls, and a roaring below, the diggers terrified.*) Now their rage increases! we'er near the treasure, don't be afraid, I am with you, their fiery darts will soon be over, dig! dig! Cummeritantibus considerationibus, terrabandum op-hagnum!

Wash. Oh!—Oh!—Oh!—

Buck. Quot mon! quot! wha the deel cares for em, dig mon! dig!

Rac. Oh!—Oh!—what will become of us?

Rat. Stick to it!—Stick to it! (*They dig.*) These nocturnal observations, sometimes deceive the brightest astronomers! the whole planetary system now changes and appears to have a centrifugal motion—now whirls within a huge vortex, with a velocity, beyond the power of mathematics to calculate, now orbicular! now circumvolves! and Georgium Sidus, forms an obtuse angle, whose Hypothenuse seems obscured, or eclipsed by the horns of the Moon, and whose perpendicular is geocentric with our earth! these appearances are new to me—beyond my Talismanic powers to comprehend! preternatural! utterly unexcogitable! In

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short, I have never experienced such a rare Synchronism, since I have had any knowledge of the Occult sciences! however I now perceive a ray of hope! Hic-cus Doccius! now Cassiopæa and the Bears-tail, are on the meridian! excessive lucky!

Hum. (Aside) He performs to admiration!

Quad. (Aside) Incomparably well, by Jupiter! He! he! he! *(Two or three fire balls, and an increase of roaring below.)*

Wash. Mercy on me! I shall faint—Oh! oh!

Buck. Hand up mon!

Rac. O my poor ting, I wish I had stay'd wid you!

Trow. I tremble every joint of me. O Lord! oh!

Truf. (Aside) Fath! and my knees tump togedder, like a pare of por-hooks, but I won't tell um for all that.

Rat. Gentlemen!—summon up all your courage!—don't be pusillanimous! dig! dig!—the enemy's fire is nearly exhausted!—Tincturum, corrosivum, sublimatum! *(Takes an observation.)*

Quad. (Without, aside.) Come let's drink while the fools are digging. He! he! he! *(They drink, and point, and laugh at the diggers.)* Poisonous exhalations rise from this devilish swamp! I'm afraid old Washball will get the Cholera-morbus. He! he! he!

Pareh. (Without, aside.) I'm rather of opinion he'll get the Perip-no-money. Ha! ha!

Hum. (Without, aside.) By the Lord Harry! that's well said! I'm entirely of your opinion—no money. Ha! ha! ha!

Rat. Every thing now looks well! fine appearances! Spica, south eleven degrees fifty-eight minutes, good! to-morrow is Sexagesima Sunday, good! Lyra, south, sets nine minutes after one this morning, good! the horns of the moon in Apogee, good! Bull's-eye rises, good again! Venus rises, very good! she sets S West obliquely towards the mines of Mexico and Peru, ex-

cellent! In short! the macrocosm of the whole visible system of nature, are strongly in our favor! a certain sign of success! occidental! occidental! glorious!

Truf. (Aside) By St. Patrick! but I swatt swately!—by my sowl! now but its harder work than digging paratees!

Trow. (Aside) Only see how it drops off me! I wish it was all over.

Truf. (Aside) It's good for your helt, you devil you. Fath! and I would be very sorry, but I had one good drink of whiskey just now my deer.

Rat. Have a little patience! the bull's eye is this moment stationary and opacous! it would prove fatal to drink now! it would most assuredly bring on the Hydrophobia! dig! dig! before the eclipse comes on! our success altogether depends upon your industry, one second of time now well employ'd, is worth a whole year! go on! go on! redouble your vigilance!

Parch. (Aside, without) Let's give 'em another tumble in the mud.

Quad. (Without, aside) With all my heart,—he! he! —Canoe! *(The diggers answer Canoe! and fall down.)*

Rat. Facinorum, muddum, dashum, splashum. Rise and go on! it was nothing but a distant barking of dogs. *(Viewing the stars.)*

Wash. On dear! I can't support it any longer! it will kill me! indeed it will! these cursed dog days are coming fast upon us!

Truf. By my sowl and you're right—fath an they bark all night long in our alley!—O Jasus! and what a packle I'm in?

Hum, Parch. and Quad. (Without, aside) Hah! hah! he! he! *(alternately.)*

Rat. Benedictum, atmosphericum! hold out only six minutes, three quarters and the 197th part of a minute

and we have it! (*Pointing to the stars with his wand*) Luckily for us! the star Wormwood (as mentioned in the Revelations) is in a state of occultation! Mars approaching omolency! and Bacchus as drunk as a piper, success is certain! (*Fire-balls and a terrible roaring.*)

Wash. Oh! I'm dead! I'm dead!

Rat. I'll soon vivificate you! here, take a little *Aqua me Rabulus*, it cost me half a crown a spoonful, (*He drinks it off.*)

Truf. Stop! stop! don't drink it all!

Trow. You needn't halloo to him, don't you know a man can't hear while he's drinking?

Truf. Fath 'an I never know'd that before! by my fowl next time I'll be up wid him, and I'll halloo, stop, stop you devil you, afore he begins.

Buck. That's reecht mon!

Wash. How it revives the animal spirits?

Truf. The devil burst you, and that's all the harm I wish you!

Rat. (*Afide*) Ha! ha!—(*Looks at his watch*) the time's just expired—pray be serious! dig away! dig away! now for your lives! I feel the ground move under my feet!—the treasure is struggling, it wants to be relieved from it's long imprisonment, dig!—dig!—*Theophrasticum, Privilegium!* now the whole host of devils are pulling against us, and levelling all the darts of infernal fury at us!

Trow. I feel the chest!—I feel the chest!

Wash. I see it! I see it!

Rat. Ne plus ultra! up with it, up with it, all's our own! (*The host appears and spits fire, the diggers with uplifted hands, looking at it.*)

Trow. How he squints.

Buck. The deel me care! troth mon an he looks like auld Squintefego at Aberdeen!

Truf. Fath 'an he squints sure enuff, but no more

than a gentleman ought to squint, but I've a grate mind to wauk off wid myself, for the devil burn me! but I believe he'll burn us all up, by my soul! and he's no slouch of a fellow!

Buck. Troth mon!—he cuts a shacking figure!

Trow. He's got a beard like a ram-goat, and a nose like a bald-eagle!—see! see how he knits his brows!

Truf. Augh by my sowl, and he shan't brow bate, me!

Rat. He has truly a Colossean stature! a terrific appearance, and a belligerous phiz! but I'll manage him for all that! (*The ghost continues to spit fire; with fire-balls and a roaring below. All kneel down.*)

Wash. O! what an old sinner I have been—I've brought myself into a sad scrape! *Mea culpa*—

Rac. Pray in English! pray in English! dese pirate spirits don't understand de latin. (*He lifts up his hands, and says*) O! O! I don't know what to say.—O! O! I wish I hab lib'd a better life; do Mr. Washball say your prayers!

Wash. Dirrige, nos domine! I can't pray in English, do you say something good to it. Oh! Mr. Rattle-trap, I'm dead! I'm dead. Oh! Oh! (*The fire-balls and roaring continues.*)

Trow. Lord! have mercy upon us, and keep this devil from us! O! how my heart goes pit-a-pat? enough to break the Pericardium!

Rat. Cruciblarum, Advansum! Perrilorum! (*The ghost disappears; they rise.*) He's almost conquer'd now! (*The ghost appears again; spits fire with fire-balls; a terrible roaring below, they tremble and fall on their knees again.*)

Rac. Right worshipful master, no—As it was in de beginning—no, no; what is your name? Raccoon, who gib you dat name? my grand-moder and god-fader, no dats wrong—Our fader—I can't say it! Oh! Oh!

Oh! for eber and eber, Amen. Dare he comes, dare he comes again!

Truf. (To Raccoon.) Lave off you black-mout! you havn't it, (he says) Pater-noster, mea culpa, Sinnerorum, helpum, deliverum, misserabulum, tuscatorum.

Buck. By me saul mon! 'tis the deel himsel! Ize see his claven foot!—(Aside.) Troth and he makes me quack too, a wee-pickle!

Trow. Save us! Save us! from his fiery jaws! he's seeking whom he may devour.

Truf. Augh! and if he swallows me, by my sowl! and I'll kick his guts out in the twinkling of a broomstick!

Wash. Oh! Oh! save me!—save me too!

Rat. (To the ghost) Superiorum, lakeavi, hurorum! (The ghost disappears) now's the lucky minute, the Serpent's-neck, is round the Poleaster! Raise the chest, (They rise, the ghost appears, and spits fire, with fire-balls, the roaring below increases, the diggers shrieking and trembling, those without laugh at them.) Now, gentlemen, raise the chest, banish fear! keep fast! (he calls to those without) your assistance gentlemen or we lose all! shoud it sink now, it's irrecoverably lost! not all the magicians of Egypt, nor the witch of Endor cou'dn't recover it! quick gentlemen! quick! nows the interesting moment!

“There is a tide in the affairs of men,

“Which if taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.”
up with it. (They run and assist in raising the chest.)

Rat. (Looking towards the ghost.) Dats Old Blackbeard himself! by de birtue and de power of de free and de accepted mason, to me gibben, (here he gives the free-mason's sign, or something like it) I command you to depaar! Oh! Oh! Oh what disturbs dy poor soul from rest?

Rat. Horrificatibus, Profundum, Horridumque, Spectaculum, Demonium.

Buck. Haud fauit, dinna quut yere grup, (*he steps towards the ghost*) noo l'ze ken him, l'ze gang after him.

Rac. Pray don't Mr. Buckram, it be de pirate apparition, did'n't you see how bery angry he look at me, when I did speak to him?

Truf. The devil be from me, and I believe its Doctor Foster!

Buck. The deel mu care, wha he be, Doctor Faustus, spirit, apparition, Blackbeard, or the deel himsel, gin he con stond a cut o me Andra, he mun be the deel in troth. (*He takes up his broad sword, runs towards the ghost, makes a cut at it, and falls down; the ghost disappears for a short time; returns again spitting fire, the roaring continues more violent. Buckram lies on the ground, and says*) Deil tak a warlocks I say, I ha leek to ha brok my necke down the brae!

Truf. By my fowl! and you'd like to make a Somersault of it! fath! and Ricketts is a nincompoop to you honey!

Rat. (*aside*) Ha! ha! ha! a comical dog.—That was a very impetuous, temerarius step! didn't you know he's invulnerable? if I hadn't been here, you would have been incinerated, for your presumption. (*He steps up to the ghost, and says*) Horridum, Callefridum, Buscantivo, Interdenabulum! thus far will I permit thee to come, but no farther. Avaunt! Avaunt! Avaunt! and be thou laid in Lake Huron! 'till the waters thereof be exhausted! (*The ghost disappears, with a dreadful noise*) now we're all safe! Consummatum et Triumphatibus! up with the chest! those fiends of darkness will trouble us no more.

Buck. (*Rises up and shakes himself.*) The deel a seoght mare, ye'll ha o him noo he's gatten a smell o me

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Andra! (*they hoist up the chest, some black rusty pieces of silver tumble out.*)

Rat. Now our toils are over, and we have caught our prey.

All. Huzza! huzza! huzza! &c.

Wash. (*Greedily taking up one of the pieces of silver, kisses it and says*) Oh! my dear! my dear! (*he rubs it and takes it to the lantern.*) Let me see—(*puts on his spectacles*) One Thousand, Sixteen Hundred and Eighty Four, aye! aye! this is the very money, that Blackbeard got at Panama, when he robb'd the churches! Oh! the poor priests! the poor priests! It seems very providentially to have fallen into my hands! Come! come! let's take it away, before day-light appears.

Hum. May we presume to take it away, Mr. Rat-letrap?

Rat. Jubileetatebusque!—*Finis cum fistulum, populorum jigg!*—my business is finished, therefore all's our own! away with it!

Hum. There's one thing proper first to mention, gentlemen, my sister from whom I received the information, and to whom we are all so much indebted for this lucky turn of good fortune, is entitled to a share; besides, I think she highly merits a handsome gratuitous present, as an acknowledgment of our gratitude to her.

Rac. No, brudder Hum, I tink she's tited to no more den half de share, she's no more den de woman. But, what do you mean by de present?

Hum. A whole share! I insist upon it, is her just due! but, as for the present, that must be left to your generosity, and I dare answer you'll not be wanting in munificence! what think you of one of the boxes of diamonds, or some such trifle?

Rat. By all means!

Parch. Little enough in all conscience!

Quad. I think so indeed! I would add one of the boxes of pearls to it!

Wash. Lord! Lord! no, no; I protest against a share and a present too! we shall be ruin'd! ruin'd! Mr. Raccoon: indeed we shall, speak to 'em, do sir, do!

Buck. Damme mon! but I thin the lassie Jesters em a, an mare too!

Rac. Consider! gentlemen, we hab run de risk of our libes wid dese spirits! besides, what will de woman do wid so much of de dimonts, and de oder tings?

Wash. Aye, indeed! I say the diamonds truly! why they are of more value than all the rest of the things together! why you are all going mad!—mad!—mad!—indeed you are!

Truf. Fath an! she shall have um all for me! and more too! by my sowl! but I believe and you want 'um all yourself to hang up at your shop-winder, to make pape think how you're a toot-drawer, and don't you now, honey?

Parch. Gentlemen, I'm surprized! nay, almost petrified, at this sudden change of sentiments you have now expressed! you, who before you were possessed of this immense treasure, entertained such lofty and laudable idtas of ambition, philanthropy and generosity! you, who were for purchasing titles, building and endowing hospitals and the Lord knows what! I say, gentlemen, I am astonish'd beyond measure at the change. Can it be possible! that you, who are now in actual possession of this treasure, you so ardently wished for; and I say, gentlemen, on the attainment of which your pious resolutions were founded, should so suddenly change and turn traitors to that heaven-

born virtue, gratitude! and that Satan, that malignant, malicious, malevolent, mischievous, unpropitious, pestilential, pestiferous, envious, spiteful, ungrateful devil! could so suddenly transform you into such Judases, as even that most avaricious of all devils! Mammon himself! would blush at, hang down his head, and be ashamed of. I must not! I cannot believe it!

Wash. Mighty fine talk indeed! but its nothing but wind!

Trow. Come, come! let's give the poor woman a full share, and the diamonds and all; if it hadn't been for her we shou'dn't have had a copper!

Wash. No, no! I forbid it!—I protest against it!

Truf. (*Aside*) Hoot you owld brute.

Trow. Let's put it to a vote?

Hum. That's right! and should that fail I protest! I'll give my whole share to my sister, and phillippic them to petrification!

Rac. (*Aside, To Washball.*) Who de debil's dis Phillip Pick?

Wash. (*Aside*) I suppose some ruffian of a fellow! he's going to set upon us to way-lay, rob and murder us!

Rac. (*Aside.*) Yes, I tink so too! Dad I'll always carry my pistols in my pocket.

Quad. Vote! vote! (*They vote and carry it for a full share, and a present of a box of diamonds and a box of pearls.*)

Truf. Fath an I'm glad of it!

Hum. Gentlemen, I'm satisfy'd! and I heartily thank you in my sister's name.

Rac. I tink its a bery great shame!

Wash. Oh, dear!—we're ruin'd!—we're ruin'd!

Rat. The day approaches; remove it immediately!

Parch. Where shall we carry it?

Wash. There's a cunning place in my house, I'll take care of it! it will be safe! I'll sleep on it all night!

All say. Agreed!—agreed!

Hum. Now gentlemen, let's all meet precisely at six o'clock this morning and divide it. I think some of us shou'd assist Mr. Washball; as this chest contains an immense treasure, we can't be too careful; he's aged, and some unlucky circumstance may intervene.

Wash. No, no, I can take care of it, well enough.

Rat. Dat's right, brudder Hum, I tink I'd better go too, as I understand de military. If we should be attacked, my service may be necessary.

Quad. Very true! and if Mr. Trowell, Mr. Trushoop, and Mr. Buckram will attend you, it will be the safer.

Truf. The devil burn Trushoop, if he forsakes it!

Buck. Deel tak the mon, that lags behend!

Rat. Well gentlemen! I think this great success, deserves a song; come bear chorus!

All say. With all my heart.

[*Rattlettrap sings.*]

SONG XVI.

Tho' my art some despise, I appeal to your eyes,
For a proof of my magical knowledge,
Tho' the wisdom of schools, damn our art and our
tools,

We can laugh at the fools of the college.

Chorus. We can, &c.

Now my friends we're possess, of the glorious chest,
Join hands and rejoice beyond measure,

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Let it be our first care, that great blessing to share;
Whose contents, are an infinite treasure!

Chorus. Whose, &c.

Now gentlemen bear off your prize!

Buck. Tak hault Trowell, I'ze hurt me shonther in
the fa' i' gat down the brab. I canna carry't lad! (*The
dupes take up the chest, and bear it off guarded by the humorists.*)

Wash. It feels brave and ponderous.

Truf. That's true for you!—fath! I woud'nt care if
I break my back wid it. Arra deer! tread of my
heels.

Trow. I beg your pardon!

Truf. Fath! an your very welcome—for the devil
burn me, if I care for my heels at all, at all,—so I
don't!—(*Exeunt omnes, Buckram brings up the rear, flourish-
ing his broad sword, capering and singing a Scotch air.*)

SCENE, II. A room in Washball's house.

(*Enter MEANWELL and LUCY.*)

Lucy. Bless me! How could you venture (after the
severe reproof my uncle gave you,) to approach this
house, at this late hour of the night?

Mean. Love! angelic love! which knows no fear
but your displeasure, hath brought me here on eagle's
wings, to waft you hence, and seal that vow, already
ratified in heaven!

Lucy. But consider my dear Meanwell, what may be
the consequence of such a rash step, when, perhaps a
few days perseverance, may bring it to a conclusion,
with his consent.

Mean. I cannot think of trusting to any thing so pre-
carious, and as he has already consented, by being my
bondsmen for the licence, and publicly declared his as-
sent, we shall be looked upon by the honest, virtuous,
and judicious, as sufficiently justified in taking this
step.

Lucy. I am confounded! my love to you spurs me to a flight! but my duty to my uncle, commands me to wait his reconciliation. I know not what to do, or, what to say!

Mean. Haste! haste my dear Lucy! the precious moments are swiftly passing! each moment seems an hour 'till we're one, the clergyman waits, (with chosen friends) to tie the nuptial knot, and crown our bliss!

S O N G XVII.

Lucy. My throbbing heart must now give way
To love, to honor, and obey.
Lo! Hymen's torch is lighted.
Lo! Hymen's, &c.

My heart! my all!—I now resign,
O! Meanwell!—Meanwell!—I'll be thine,
In wedlock's bands united!
In wedlocks, &c.

Mean. Of Venus' charms, let poets write!
Diana chaste, or, Juno bright!
Of Kitty, Doll, or, Sussey!
Of Kitty, &c.

The charms of all, are center'd here,
In Lucy!—charming Lucy dear!
Haste! haste! my lovely Lucy!
Haste, &c.

[*They go off quick, hand in hand.*]

S C E N E III. A Street.

(*Enter WASHBALL.*)

Wash. I can't bear the thoughts of dividing, not I! division! why I cou'd never learn it at school! but, addition and multiplication, were always my darlings! Two-hundred and fifty thousand pounds, divided into nine parts, let me see—aye! I have it! nine times nine is, a, a, sixty-two, no, that's wrong. Nine times eleven is, a, a hundred and six, and four over, no that's too much, but I'm no scholar, never mind, no matter,

I can count a hundred as fast as any of 'em, and they can't cheat me! Charity begins at home, and he must be the greatest fool on earth, that cheats himself; I never could forgive my self for such a sin as that, I think I am old enough to have more wit. He that cheats another, can wipe off the sin, by restoring four-fold, but he that cheats himself; poor soul! the sin will lie at his own door, and it will never be in his power to make himself restitution! no, no, I know better; that must be the crying, that is spoken of by Lazarus, Nicodemus, Judas, or some other prophet, I forget who now; alack! its many years ago, since I read the bible, no matter. I'll e'en go and inform the Collector, then I shall have one half to myself, and the other will go the President of the United States. They'll call me traitor and informer, but I don't care, let them laugh that wins, ha! ha! It's an old saying and a true one, aye, I have it! "One bird in hand is better far, than two that's in the bush,"—no, no, "than two that in bushes are." Aye, that's it! I remember it's so on my neighbour Simmond's sign, I love to make rhimes, when they jingle so cleverly, but here's two hundred and fifty thousand birds in the cage, and most of them pretty yellow birds! Oh! they'll make delightful music, and make me sing too! I mus'n't lose any time, no, indeed! (*He looks up*) I think this is the house, aye! (*knocks at the door several times, and calls*) Mr. Collector! Mr. Collector! (*Collector appears at the window, in his shirt and night-cap.*)

Col. Who's there! and what's your urgent business, disturbing my rest so soon in the morning?

Wash. Why, why sir, its business of very great importance!

Col. Importance, or not, I think you might have stay'd 'till day light.

Wash. I could'n't sir—indeed I could'n't!

Col. I'm not us'd to have my rest broke, at this unseasonable hour!

Wash. Sir, sir!—we'll satisfy you handsom'ly for this extraordinary inconvenience!

Col. (*Aside.*) That's speaking to the point!—Oh! very well!—very well!—what is the business, sir?

Wash. Why, why, sir! I have an information, to lay before you, concerning a chest of treasure—

Col. A chest of treasure? sir.

Wash. Yes! sir.

Col. A chest of treasure? I don't understand you, sir!

Wash. (*Aside.*) The deuce you don't? the fellow's stupid.—I say, a chest of treasure.

Col. Explain yourself, sir!

Wash. 'Tis already explain'd!—I tell you, sir! it's a chest of treasure that we dug out of the ground last night.

Col. Last night!—where?

Wash. Why, why, somewhere—but I hav'n't time to tell you now. Come down! sir—pray come!

Col. What! a large chest?

Wash. (*Aside.*) What a fool he is. Yes! a large chest and very heavy: I know I help'd to carry it, and it almost kill'd me.

Col. Why, how long is it?

Wash. Why, why! six foot long; as long as a coffin, (*aside*) and when it's emptied, I wish you were buried in it.

Col. Can you be serious, sir?

Wash. (*Aside.*) This fellow will exhaust all my patience. Yes, yes! I am, I am! myself and several others are concerned in it, and it grieves my conscience to cheat the President out of his lawful right; so, pray sir, seize it, seize it, instantly, for me and

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the President. I expect all concerned will be at my house directly to open and share it. Come, make haste sir, do!—Put the broad P on it, and then we shall be safe: you must act for me and the President, and we'll reward you handsomely.

Col. I'm afraid you're too sanguine, and it's all deception!

Wash. (*Aside*) What a cursed fool he is!—No! no! it an't, it an't; it's a real fact! here's ocular demonstration! for this piece of money, (*showing the piece*) dropt out of the chest when we took it out of the ground. Look here, sir! see it! see it!

Col. Say you so?

Wash. True, sir, true! pray be expeditious, do sir, do, I insist upon it.

Col. Well sir!—since you insist upon it, I must seize it.

Wash. I do! I do! my fidelity to the United States, obliges me to insist upon it.

Col. Remember your promise.

Wash. We'll satisfy you, nobly.

Col. I shall look to you alone, sir.

Wash. Very well! very well! I'll be your paymaster. (*Aside*) Since you're afraid to trust my part'ner. Come down, sir! do, do.

Col. I'll wait on you instantly.

Wash. He's cursedly afraid of trusting my part'ner. Ha! ha! ha! I shall soon let him know what a servant he has; a dilatory, suspicious dog! I'll have him turned out, as sure as he was put in. (*Collector enters the street.*) This way, sir! this way. Follow me, sir! quick! quick! or we shall be too late.

Col. Lead on, sir! lead on.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV. A Room in WASHBALL'S House.

(Scene opens and discovers TRUSHOOP, RACCOON, TROWELL, and BUCKRAM, sitting on a chest, and OLD GABRIEL standing by.)

(Enter HUM, PARCHMENT, QUADRANT, and RAT-
TLETRAP.

Parch. Gabriel, where's your master?

Gab. Just stepp'd out.

Hum. Will he be in soon?

Gab. Aye—may be so.

Quad. Oh!—here he comes, but who the devil's that with him?

Parch. The collector! egad! This is what I didn't expect. (*Aside.*) It will not do to dupe him, we must let him into the secret.

Hum. Leave that to me.

(Enter COLLECTOR and WASHBALL.)

Hum. (*Takes the collector aside and says.*) Sir, I am sorry you have been put to this trouble; it's a scheme of diversion only; please not to notice it; I'll acquaint you with the whole history of it when it is concluded.

Col. (*Aside.*) Ha! ha! Just as I thought knowing your funny character.—Mr. Hum, your servant—gentlemen yours. (*Going.*)

Wash. Sir! sir! stay, pray do your duty!

Col. Sir,—its an affair too intricate for me at present, I must first advise with the States Attorney General.

Wash. You shan't go!—I insist upon it, I charge you in the President's name, seize it! seize it!

Col. I must first have advice, then I'll return again.

Wash. I forbid you to go at your peril! I'll inform the President, and you shall be hang'd for not doing your duty.

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Col. I can't help that! (*Exit.*)—(*Washball attempts to go after him, they stop him and he bawls.*) Let me alone! let me alone!

Truf. Augh!—you cursed owld traitor, arn't you asham'd now, to be chating us after this way?

Quad. I never heard of such another villain.

Wash. O Lord,—oh!

Gab. (*Aside*). There's queer doings here.

Buck. Ye eenfemous auld skoon-drel! ye turn'd een-former, and states-evidence, to get the ane half till yere sel, but yere oot noo, troth and I'ze a mine to leehten yere heed by ane o yere luggs.

Gab. (*Aside*). Worse and worse.

Wash. O Lord,—oh!

Rac. What did you tink, we are all fools to be cheated by you?

Hum. Nothing can equal this! open the chest, who knows but the States-attorney may be on our backs immediately?

Rat. Had I suspected this before, I could have summon'd a whole host of infernals, to have carried him away in a whirl-wind.

Now. 'Tis a pity but you had, indeed.

Truf. Arra my deer! and give me a little bit of an order, and I'll fatch um in a jiffin.

Rat. I shall have no more power, Mr. Trushoop, 'till the moon changes.

Truf. Fath, an I'm sorry for that honey.

Wash. O Lord,—oh!

Parch. A traitor and an informer, gentlemen; of all mankind, are the most despicable of all wretches; you see gentlemen, the turpitude of that old curmudgeon's heart; after his most solemn oath of secrecy and honesty, he thinks nothing of betraying his best friends, (Judas like) and his own soul, for the sake of his body; without the least regard for a sacred and solemn oath!

Gab. (Aside) How he abuses my master.

Quad. Mr. Trushoop where's your adz? open the chest.

Truf. Augh my deer, and here we are, bore at your sharvifs.

Wash. (Strives to prevent him, and calls) Mr. Collector! Mr. Collector!

Truf. Stand off, you old stubberdegullion, (*opening the chest, Hum, Parchment, Quadrant, and Rattletrap, holding Washball, he struggles to get from them, and hawls out*) where's the Collector? where's the Collector? touch it at your perils, you villains! I'll swear robbery against you! help Gabriel, help!

Gab. (Aside) Lack-a-day, I believe they're going to rob my master! I would help him with all my heart, but my scuffling days are all over long ago.

Parch. Go on with your business gentlemen,—open the chest.—(*Trushoop, Trowell, Raccoon, and Buckram open the chest.*)

Wash. Touch it at your peril, I say. It belongs to me and my partner.

Truf. Belongs to the devil, you tief—we'll soon see who'll sale the sharing it.

Gab. (Aside) I never see the like before.

Wash. Help—help!—murder—murder—fire—thieves—Betty, Betty, bring down the bags you made.—Run Gabriel for the Collector! Oh, oh, I'm just dead.

Gab. Yes, I will, and the Conitable too. Sorrow on me, but I believe they'll murder my master.

[Exit Gabriel.]

Rac. Dare! de chest opens. (*They let Washball go, he runs towards the chest, the dupes all striving to get their shares.*)

Wash. Give me my share!—give me my share.

Truf. The devil a copper you tief.

Buck. The deel a bawbie, ye shall ha' mon.—(*In the scuffle they overset the chest, push down Washball, and out tum—*

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ble the contents, the dupes looking at each other confused.)

Buck. Hoot mon—wha the deel's a this?—naething but stanes!—I ken we'll enaugh, wha it is—deil damme, but I'ze ha gentelman's satisfaction.

Rac. De tivel—dis de scheme of brudder Hum. I se-
cond your resolution, do you gib de chalenge Mr.
Buckram.

Trow. Oh mercy!—*(Exit Hum, Parchment, Quabrant,
and Rattletrap.)*

Truf. Augh hough!—fath, and we're all humbugged.

Trow. Its all a cheat.

Truf. Augh! but this will be my heart breaking—by
my fowl! and I've been made a fool for the future,—
but I'll take care for the time to cum.

Rac. I didn't tink brudder Hum wou'd serve me so,
but dad I'll inform de Lodge of dis—dare's Rattle-
trap too wid his stars and rings,—plague on dem all—
and hab Mrs. Placket made de fool of me too, wid her
conjur-book? I tink it can't be so nader, for she lobes
me, or she wou'dn't call me her Cooney—cock-a-
plgeon—cock-a-dandy, and all de fine tings, dad I'll—

Wash. Oh! I'm cheated—I'am abus'd, and made a
fool of—I shall die, Oh! dear I shall die! *(lifting up his
hands)* “poor Washball, disappointed Washball.”

(Enter GABRIEL.)

Gab. *(Looking surpris'd with his hands clench'd, aside.)*
What's all this! alack-a-day. *(Hum, Parchment, Quad-
rant, and Rattletrap, peeping alternately, call Canoe!—
Washball chafing them, and endeavoring to strike them with his
ears,)* “get out of my house you villains,” *(Canoe!)*
“you dogs,” *(Canoe!)* “you hell-hounds,” *(Canoe!)*
“O dear! O dear, I shall faint,” *(Canoe!)* I'm dead!
I'm dead,” *(he sits down)* “Oh, Oh, Oh, *(Canoe!)* they
laugh, and run off.

Trow. A miserable disappointment.

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Truf. Augh! fath and its all over now—this is the devils own works, and they're the devil's own children—and by my fowl, and they'll do grate pannanes for all this.—(*Sings.*)

SONG XVIII. *To be Sung slow.*

Arra! what a fool was I?—by my fowl!—I think
I'll cry,

When I spake of all this,—it encreases my blifs;

'Twill kill me afore I die.

Fath!—I'll now show my face, t'scape all disgrace,

For me, they'll make a true jast;

No more shall my foes,

Drive me by my nose,

In boggs, o'er my tose;

Spiling brogues and hose,

And carry the empty chaff.

Augh! fale now, my back is quite fore, becaze it
made me roar,

How it broke all my bones, pulling brick-batts and
stones,

To the mill, from Washball's dure.

To bear the pane and smart, I fale in my hart,

My fatt is both sick and lame;

With canoe! and bote,

I muddled my cote,

My wife will cut my trote,

The devil take the tote;

Augh! me—they'll make a grate game.

Buck. Deel dam 'em aw.

Rat. Dis, dis is my own faut, for being too cred'lous,
I put too much trust in dem I tought my friends, and
dey deceiv'd me. If I had been satisfy'd wid my bus'ness
and fellow'd a virtuous course of libe, den I should
be happy to dis day, and hab nutting to trubble me,
but now I hab seen my folly, and former wickedness;

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I will take de resolution to lede a new libe, and follow my bus'ness wid honesty and industry, and hab nutting to say to the banities and vexations, of dis wicked world, and from dis time my studdy shall be birtue, to de end of my libe.

Euck. Confusion to the vullians!—I maun e'en gang and fut up my shap-boord agen.

Trow. I can never face my wife after this.

Truf. Nor I, by St Patrick!—Augh, and she'll make no more suppers for poor Trushoop.

Wash. Oh dear! I'm robb'd of my money, my health, and my ease, nothings left me now but to grieve and lament—how shall I procure my peace again? Let me see! attend my bus'ness. What then? if a customer should laugh under the operation of my razor, egad! I should think he laughed at me, for being such a silly old dupe, and ten to one, but I might cut his throat for madness—dress a wig eigh? why I should think my blocks grinn'd at me! I'll instantly go and burn them all. If I should hear the noise of children in the street, I should think they bawl'd Canoe! Canoe! confound the word, I would give five hundred pounds, it were high treason to utter it, then I would hang every one of those dogs. Oh dear! what can I do? If I rail against them publicly, I shall only have the cold comfort of "Its a piece of diversion only, nothing else,"—hellish diversion! suppose I should try to laugh it off? alas! alas! I can't do it, I shan't be in a laughing humor, these seven years I'am afraid.

(Enter MEANWELL and LUCY.)

Mean. Sir, we crave your blessing.—(They kneel down.)

Wash. Go to the devil! you dog.—(Lifting up his cane, and stamping on the floor.)

Truf. Augh! and deer Lucy, sure and you're not married?

Lucy. It is so Mr. Trushoop. (Aside) Pray endea-

your to pacify my uncle, pray gentlemen interpose.

Wash. What does she say? eigh?

Trow. She says she's married, and begs your pardon.

Wash. Oh! the gipsy!—I shall run stark-mad! and how dare you do it without my consent? didn't I forbid you hussy? eigh!

Lucy. Pray dear uncle, pardon us!

Wash. Thief like! break the laws, and then have the assurance to ask for pardon, eigh! no, no you can't plead ignorance, you knew the terms and consequences of disobeying me, now you've done it, and a pretty couple of beggars you are truly! arn't you? (*Aside.*) But stop! I'm going too fast, hold there, I forgot my own disappointment! the terms are void in themselves.—Well—

Rac. Come, come Mr. Washball, how can you be so angry wid dem, she's a pretty young ting.

Wash. O! lack-a-day! she's old enough to know better.

Trow. Pardon them Mr. Washball.

Mean. Pray sir! pardon us.

Lucy. Pray uncle, give us your blessing.

Wash. (*Aside.*) So, so, pardon and blessing too,—what comes next?

Truj. Let me intrate for 'um, fath, an they seem to be as well match'd, as a couple of coach horses.

Wash. (*Aside.*) Now since I see the tide has turn'd against me, I mustn't be too hard with 'em, they are both young and I am old, and I may possibly want their assistance, before they will want mine.

Buck. Come, come mon, gie em yere bleffin, troth she's, a sonsie, bliakin lass, and they're a bonnie pair.

Wash. O! lack-a-day!—I charge you both, tell me the truth!—are you really married?

Mean. 'Tis really so, sir!

Lucy. Dear uncle 'tis true—pray forgive!

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Wash. Who married you?

Lucy. Parson Knottum, sir.

Wash. Eigh!—who?

Mean. Parson Knottum, sir.

Wash. Aye! I thought so! if he did it, there's no untying the knot, he's just such another fellow, as that a-a- what d'ye call him, a-a- Parson Holdfast. Well since its so, God bless you both, (*they rise*) but remember children, that bare walls make but giddy housewives.

Mean. Sir! we thank you for your kind condescension, and I must now inform you, that I have this day received a letter from Jamaica, giving an account of my uncle's death, inclosing a copy of his will, by which I understand he hath bequeathed me fifteen thousand pounds sterling in cash, with all his real and personal estate, consisting of four valuable windmill plantations, seven hundred and eighty-four negroes, a large quantity of very valuable plate, a part of which cash (as per bill of lading;) also, one hundred hogshheads of proof spirit and seventy-five hogshheads of prime sugar is remitted me, per the brig *Welcome*, captain *Trusty*.

Wash. I'm glad to hear it! my son—I'm glad to hear it! indeed I am! let me give you joy both of your spouse and fortune! (*Embraces him.*) It revives my drooping spirits! come hither Lucy, my good child! you're a good girl! indeed you are! and I wish you joy of your worthy husband and fortune. (*Embraces her.*) I'm rejoiced very much. (*Aside*) O dear! what a lucky turn for me.

Mean. Notwithstanding this flush of fortune, sir! I bear the same love for your niece and veneration for yourself as heretofore; and you may rest assured, sir! I shall make it my peculiar study to merit your esteem and her affection.

Wash. Aye! aye! 'tis very well my dear child, I believe you will, and indeed, I always loved you with a paternal affection, notwithstanding sometimes it hap'ned (unluckily when you were present) that something had ruffled my temper, and I might not have shewn you the respect I otherwise wou'd have done, and which I was heartily sorry for, when you were gone. But you must forgive and forget that, and in some measure attribute it to the imbecility and infirmity of old age, and to make amends, you have both my blessing, (*embraces them again*) and God bless you both, and may you live comfortably together, and see many happy days, and be blest with a train of dutiful children, like olive branches round about your table, to comfort you in your old age; "*crescite et multiplicamini*".—And, oh! that I, who have one foot in the grave and the other scarcely out, had but been contented, then, I shou'd have been happy in my old age and not have involved myself in this labyrinth of trouble and confusion! But let it serve as a warning to others, not to listen to idle schemes, nor give way to vain imaginations, which has prov'd so fatal to me! for, he whose desires are unbounded, and is weak enough to listen to artful designing men, stands upon a dangerous precipice, whose foundation must sink and he inevitably perish!

[*Sings slow and mournful.*]

SONG XIX.

Ah! who is me, poor wretched I?
 With broken heart, and down cast eyes!
 To ease my mind, where shall I fly?
 A prey to knaves, poor Washball dies?
 Let future generations take
 Example, by my dismal fall!
 Nor gods of gold, or idols make;
 So shun the fate of poor Washball!

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And now my good friends and fellow-sufferers, (*shakes hands with them*) I expect you'll honor us with your company at dinner, and do my dear son, write a card of invitation to dinner, also, to the worthy Captain Trusty. We'll strive to make ourselves as merry as we can, and forget our folly and disappointment.— Gabriel call in the neighbours, and bring your fiddle and play for us, and we'll have a dance.

Gab. I will, I will, sorrow on me but I will! for we haven't had a dance since last Christmas. [*Exit Gab.*]

Wash. In the mean time, my dear children, give me a song to sooth my troubled mind.

SONG XX.

Mean. Banish sorrow, welcome joy!

Let's strike up, the sprightly dance,
Mirth abound without alloy;
Tune your lutes, your pipes advance,
Sound your notes in lofty strains,
Join ye nymph's and jovial swains,
Banish care and be at rest;
Of disappointment, make the best.

Lucy. Room for joy, how blest am I,
In a husband and a friend?

Virtuous love shall never die,
Tho' our lives will surely end.
Virgins all example take,
Virtue love, for virtue's sake.

Constant be—as turtle-dove;

Let your theme be virtuous love.

(*Enter GABRIEL, with his fiddle and neighbors, they strike up a country dance, after which WASHBALL says*)

In search of treasure, we are led astray,
Believing fully, what deceivers say,
They tread unsure who 'gainst their senses run,
False steps pursue, and rush to be undone,
Curs'd by themselves! laugh'd at by ev'ry one. }

[*Excunt unles to dinner.*]

EPILOGUE.

T' Reclaim the vicious, is a noble deed!
 The virtuous sure, they less repentance need,
 To knock down vice, it was our sole intent,
 And, if we've had success, 'tis all we meant.
 Th' avaricious wretch expos'd to view,
 Ungrateful man!—more sordid than a Jew!
 Whose miser'd soul—wrapt up in hoards of pelf,
 No charity for any, but himself!
 Ambition humbled,—virtuous love rewarded,
 (For virtuous souls!—will ever be recorded.)
 Expos'd the folly of the credulous,
 Who put what sense they have, out to a nurse.
 And vanity is check'd—whose pompous sound,
 With it's votaries levell'd with the ground.
 To you our judges then, we must appeal,
 Condemn or not—we satisfaction feel
 In thinking, we have caus'd a reformation,
 Among't the dupes of this our congregation.

(Viewing the Audience thro' a glass,)

O! glorious sight! how close they squeeze and touch,
 As thick as hops—or, like New-York stage-coach,
 The Boxes shine, with brilliant belles and beaux!
 The Pitt with critics, and Gallery o'erflows.
 Each make remarks, well pleas'd, and with grimace,
 They twist and screw the muscles of their face.
 Hark! hark! they clap applause on ev'ry side,
 Some mouths half open—others open'd wide;
 Which shew the audience are gratify'd. }
 We thank you friends, those marks of approbation;
 Has saved our play, from what folks call damnation.
 And since we've feasted you with dainty dishes!
 With thanks! we'll now feast on,—the loaves and
 fishes.

EPICURE

Thou art the vision in a world of dead!
The virtuous line, they say, is permanent need,
To knock down vice, it was our lot to find;
And if we've had success, 'tis all we count
To have those with which came the view.
Wretched man!—more wretched than a Jew!
We have built a tomb—wrought us in hopes of hell,
No charity for any, but himself!
Ambition humbled—virtuous love rewarded,
(But virtuous love, what can it be recorded?)
Exposed the folly of the crowd,
Who put what virtuous love to a naught,
And vanity is checked—what virtuous love found,
What its virtues in the ground.
To you our judges then, we must appeal,
Condemn or not—we find them real.
In this, we have earned a reputation,
Amongst the hopes of this our congregation.
(I repeat the sentence this is said.)
O! glorious sight! how glad they found us and touch!
As thick as hops—oh! like New-York flag—ouch,
The boxes shine, with brilliant bellers and bears,
The fire with swiftness, and Gallery of flowers.
Each man's remark, well pleased, and with good grace,
They call and knew the merits of his face.
Hark! hark! they clapped on every side,
Some more than half an hour—others only wide;
Which now the audience we greatly find.
We thank you friends, these marks of approbation;
It is our place, when what to call a banquet,
And here we are, as if we had a banquet hall,
With thanks to you, now read on—the verses are
—